

★ Mar. 6, 1943

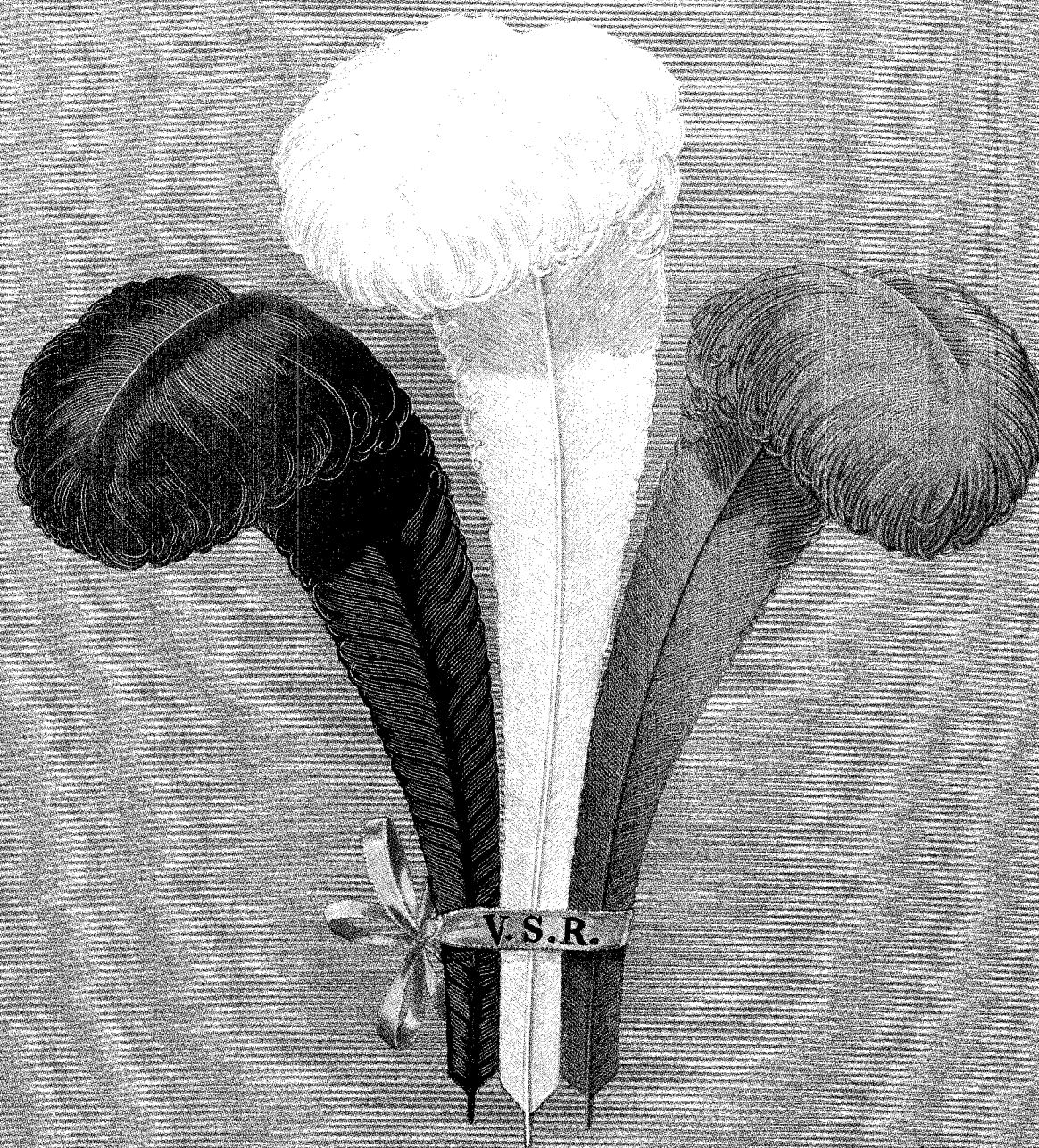
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Effie Shannon heads the cast in this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its third year. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

BLITHE SPIRIT—Noel Coward's superior comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

COUNSELOR-AT-LAW—A revival of Elmer Rice's play concerning a shyster lawyer who has a heart of gold. Not as topical as it was in 1931, but still good enough entertainment. Paul Muni again heads the cast. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Tues., March 9, at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

COUNTERATTACK—An episode on the Russian front which might be a little more exciting if everybody was just a bit tougher. Morris Carnovsky and Sam Wanamaker play two Red soldiers; Barbara O'Neil is a beautiful Nazi nurse. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:45; extra Mat. Thurs., March 4, at 2:45 P.M.)

DARK EYES—Probably you'll enjoy this comedy about three carefree Russian ladies who take over a Long Island household. The co-authors, Eugenie Leontovich and Elena Miramova, play a large part in all the excitement. Jed Harris is the director. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE DOUGHGIRLS—A farce about present-day Washington that seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, and Doris Nolan are among the ladies who upset the government. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE EVE OF ST. MARK—Maxwell Anderson deals with the tragedy on Bataan in an effective melodrama but a rather florid and sentimental play. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

JANIE—A mild comedy, of interest only to people who always find adolescence fascinating. With Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

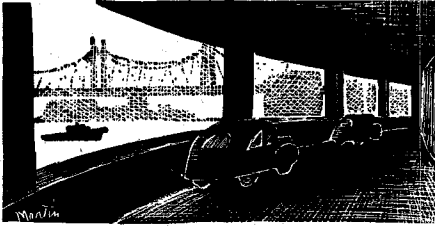
JUNIOR MISS—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls. The adults include Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is well over three years old. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney still play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40, PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE PATRIOTS—A biography of Thomas Jefferson between 1790 and 1800, best, perhaps, when the hero has written his own lines. A joint production of the Playwrights' Company and Roland Stebbins, with a cast including Raymond Edward Johnson, House Jameson, and Madge Evans. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE PIRATE—S. N. Behrman provides a field day for the Lunts in this handsome costume piece, which has, however, its leisurely moments. The cast also includes Estelle Winwood, Clarence Derwent, Lea Penman, and Alan Reed. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH—Thornton Wilder's remarkable fantasy about a New Jersey family which survived the Ice Age, the Flood, and a couple of wars. Tallulah Bankhead, Fredric March, and Florence Eldridge head a superb cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 13.

THE THREE SISTERS—Katharine Cornell, Judith Anderson, Ruth Gordon, and many other talented people in a revival of Chekhov's play about the ladies who are sick of the suburbs. Guthrie McClintic is the director. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

UNCLE HARRY—Quite effective melodrama about a man who can't get arrested for murder. With Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

HARRIET—Helen Hayes in a play by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements. Staged by Elia Kazan and produced by Gilbert Miller. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

BY JUPITER—The Rodgers and Hart adaptation of "The Warrior's Husband," starring Ray Bolger. Ronald Graham and Benay Venuta also appear in this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

LADY IN THE DARK—A return engagement of Moss Hart's musical fantasy, with Gertrude Lawrence again playing the lead. (Broadway, B'way at 53, CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

LET'S FACE IT!—When it isn't being cute, this comedy about three restless matrons and their military escorts is extremely pleasant and satisfactory. José Ferrer has taken over the Danny Kaye rôle. Cole Porter is responsible for most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 2:45.)

NEW FACES OF 1943—Leonard Sillman's latest arrangement of new talent. Appealing but fairly amateur. (Ritz, 48, W. CI 6-9720. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

SHOW TIME—George Jessel, Jack Haley, Ella Logan, and the De Marcos. Just another vaudeville show, but this time well worth your money. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30.)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET

TELEPHONE
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EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS—How Ethel Merman won the war by learning to receive radio programs with her teeth. Cole Porter wrote the music for this big, good-natured comedy, which also contains Allen Jenkins, Paula Laurence, and Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

SONS O' FUN—Frank Libuse and Joe Besser help Olsen and Johnson to torment the audience in the old "Hell-a-Poppin'" fashion. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50, CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30; extra Mat. Thurs., March 4, at 2:30, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

STAR AND GARTER—Gypsy Rose Lee and Bobby Clark in a musical perhaps adequately defined by its title. Rough stuff, but intermittently pretty funny. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

MEN IN SHADOW—An English play by Mary Hayley Bell, adapted for the American stage by Joseph Fields. Staged by Roy Hargrave and produced by Max Gordon. Opens Wed., March 10. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

STARS ON ICE—A skating spectacle produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49, CO 5-5674. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

GOOD NEIGHBORS NIGHT—Many Latin-American entertainers, including Diosa Costello and Tito Guizar, in a program celebrating the tenth anniversary of the Good Neighbor policy: Thurs., March 4, at 8:30 P.M. (Rivoli, B'way at 49. For tickets, call AC 4-1700.)

WE WILL NEVER DIE—Paul Muni, Edward G. Robinson, Luther Adler, and numerous others in a pageant dedicated to the Jewish dead of Europe, written by Ben Hecht and with a musical score by Kurt Weill. Staged by Moss Hart and produced by Billy Rose: Tues., March 9, at 9 P.M. (Madison Square Garden. For tickets, call MU 2-7237.)

DANCE RECITALS—Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman, Sun., March 7; José Limón with the Humphrey-Weidman group, Thurs. through Sat., March 11-13; at 8:45 P.M. (Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16, CH 2-9819.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays for dancing in the Trianon Room.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Hazel Franklin is heading the ice show in the Bowman Room, where the music is by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Swing on the East Side, with Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Jimmy Durante, making his first night-club appearance locally since prohibition days, is in charge of things here. Ted Straeter's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeable way to spend a leisurely evening listening to music by Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—A handsome spot, with a small show and Sonny Kendis's orchestra.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, pleasantly sedate, offers Stanley Melba's orchestra and other entertainment. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—John Hoysradt is among the performers in the Persian Room. Bob Grant's orchestra plays for dancing. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra is playing in the Iridium Room. . . . The Maisonette, downstairs, offers music by Bob Simone's and Freddy Miller's orchestras.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—You'll find Beverly Whitney and Russ Smith's orchestra in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F.R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, secretary and treasurer; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XIX, No. 3, March 6, 1943. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1943, by The F.R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year \$6.00; Pan-America and Spain, \$6.50; Canada, \$7.00; Other Foreign, \$8.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

just off the Avenue, with Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbello's rumba band. Ray Benson's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Wedgwood Room will have the Hartmans during the supper hour through Thurs., March 4, after which Victor Borgé, the piano-playing comedian, will take over. Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra will continue to be on hand all evening, and Mischa Borr's orchestra will stay on to help entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is playing in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan and a number of other competent entertainers. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): among others, there's Spivy herself, singing those hearty songs of hers. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): the life Parisian is depicted mainly in the murals, but there's also Paula Laurence and a small show. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this big, softly lighted room. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the cozy log fire should make you feel clandestine.

MISCELLANEOUS—The **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a large place over on the East Side, though Broadway folk seem to like it fine; Emil Coleman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; George Morris's orchestra. . . . **CASBAH**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): dressed up to look like its namesake, although Algerians might have trouble recognizing it; Don Maya's orchestra and a small show; tea dancing Sat. and Sun. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and cheerful, with Maximilian Bergère's orchestra and a show. . . . **RIOBAMBA**, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): the present show, headed by Benny Fields, will be replaced on Thurs., March 11, by one which includes Sheila Barrett and Walter O'Keefe; Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Chavez's rumba band will stay on. . . . **NON PAREE**, 142 E. 53 (EL 5-7765): big, stylish murals, a medium-sized show, a fairly small dance floor, and Bill Glass's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Kris Kay's and Cornelius Codolban's orchestras. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Walter Perner's orchestra will be replaced on Fri., March 12, by Guy Lombardo's. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a small, comfortable place, with Ron Perry's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for folk songs by Richard Dyer-Bennett and Huddie Ledbetter. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the Folies-Bergère crossed with Loew's State in a revue that's colossal, at least. . . . **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a show headed by Diosa Costello, with Jack Harris's orchestra and a rumba band—all in a tropical setting. . . . **HAYANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a rumba band and a show. . . . **FROLICS**, B'way at 50 (CI 6-8990): a new place with new talent, except for Benny Davis, who sings all those old songs of his. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): the humor of Frankie Hyers and Pat Harrington isn't on the delicate side, but nobody seems to mind.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **Café Society Downtown**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Ammons and Johnson and Georgie James's orchestra are there, and so are the Revuers, with their songs and their foolishness. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon, is playing in this downtown landmark. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unpretentious as its name, but there's the Clarence Profit Trio and Coleman Hawkins.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **KRECHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-6444). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

ART OF THIS CENTURY, 30 W. 57—Paintings by Jean Hélion. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Wed., March 10.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 13.

ART STUDENTS LEAGUE—Big retrospective, celebrating the League's fiftieth birthday and including paintings from Eakins' time to the present; a benefit for the Red Cross: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through March 14.

FRANCESCO CRISTOFANETTI—Recent paintings by this abstract artist: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 19.

DEGAS—Twelve pastels, from 1878 to 1900: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

ELEANOR DE LAITRE AND LOUIS SCHANKER—New oils by the first, sculptures and block prints by the second: Puma, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., March 7.

ARTHUR DOVE—A showing of his recent work: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 17.

EXPRESSIONIST—Works in several media by Paul Klee, Giorgio di Chirico, Carl Hofer, Wilhelm Lehmbruck, and others: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 13.

ERNEST FIENE—A large showing of his portraits and landscapes: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 6.

FRENCH—Oils, gouaches, and water colors by Raoul Dufy and other members of the School of Paris: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 27.

GROUPS—At the **LILIENTHAL**, 21 E. 57: Lyonel Feininger, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, Paul Mommer, Werner Drewes, and others show new oils. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 6. . . . **BIGNOU**, 32 E. 57: paintings by André Derain, Chim Soutine, Bernard Lamotte, and other moderns. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 20. . . . **MONTROSS**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: varied offerings by Alan Brown, Frank Herring, and other members of this gallery's group. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 6. . . . **NEW YORK ARTIST-PAINTERS**, 444 Madison, at 50: paintings by Adolph Gottlieb, Vaclav Vytlacil, George Constant, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 6. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: works by Yovan Radenkovitch, Saul Berman, Maurice Sterne, and other contemporary Americans. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 13. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER**, 44 W. 56: annual exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints by members of the New York Society of Women Artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 13. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64: paintings and sculptures on war themes by members of the Artists League of America. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 25. . . . **A.C.A.**, 26 W. 8: works in various media by William Gropper, David Burluk, Mervin Jules, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 13. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: Harry Sternberg, Hananiah Harari, and others of the Silk Screen Group. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 16.

PAUL KLEE AND ANDRÉ MASSON—Paintings by these two moderns, contrasted with examples of primitive sculpture: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 20.

MATISSE—A large selection of his paintings, from 1898 to 1939: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 6.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Prize-winning paintings, sculptures, and prints from the "Artists for Victory" exhibition. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through March 31.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Realism and surrealism contrasted in a showing of works by American painters. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through March 21.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Americans, including Ladislav Moholy-Nagy, Werner Drewes, and Jean Xceron. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 31.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The hundred-and-seventeenth annual of paintings and other works. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Tues., March 9.

PORTRAITS—Eight oils by Alexander Brook, Eugene Speicher, and others: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., March 5.

POSTERS—A large collection of French posters from the last war: Coordinating Council of French Relief Societies, 451 Madison, at 50. Daily 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 6.

DORIS ROSENTHAL—Landscapes and figure paintings, mainly of Mexican subjects: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 6.

SCULPTURE—At the **ARTISTS'**, 43 W. 55: recent works by Leo Amino. Weekdays 1 to 7 P.M.; through Mon., March 8. . . . **PASSEDOUT**, 121 E. 57: figures in stone and wood by Hannah Small. Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 13.

SOUTH AMERICAN—Paintings by Luis Herrera Guevara, of Chile, and monotypes in color and black-and-white by Demetrio Urruchua, of Argentina: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 20.

MAX WEBER—Recent paintings by a veteran American modernist: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through April 3.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—Big memorial exhibition of sculptures by Gertrude V. Whitney, founder of the Museum. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 14.

HERE AND THERE—At the **ANDRE SELIGMANN**, 15 E. 57: a colorful mixture of oils and gouaches by Maxim Kopf. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 6. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 65 E. 57: color aquatints by Georges Rouault; also, drawings by contemporary Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., March 10. . . . **WILLARD**, 32 E. 57: oils by Lee Gatch. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 6. . . . **ST. ETIENNE**, 46 W. 57: portraits and landscapes by Eugen Spiro. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 20. . . . **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: small oils by Moses Soyer. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 6. . . . **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB**, 15 Gramercy Pk. S.: paintings and sculptures by members of the club. Weekdays 12 noon to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through March 26. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: landscapes and figures by Joseph Li Marzi. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also, Mon. Eve., 8 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through March 19. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57: oils, water colors, and drawings by Paul Wiegandt. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 20.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Barbirolli conducting: Thurs., March 4, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., March 5, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., March 6, at 8:45 P.M.; Sun., March 7, at 3 P.M. Kurtz conducting: Wed., March 10, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., March 12, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloists: Nadia Reisenberg, March 4-5; Kilenyi, March 6-7; Zimbalist, March 10 and 12.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Ormandy conducting; soloist, Szigeti: Carnegie Hall, Tues., March 9, at 8:45 P.M.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—At **CARNEGIE HALL**, Koussevitzky conducting: Thurs., March 11, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., March 13, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Koussevitzky conducting: Fri., March 12, at 8:30 P.M.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Assisted by the Collegiate Chorale, Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat., March 6, at 3 P.M. (For tickets, call CI 7-1228.)

RENÉ LE ROY—Assisted by Janos Scholz, Sidney Foster, Ralph Kirkpatrick, and a chamber orchestra: Town Hall, Mon., March 8, at 8:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN SYMPHONY—Beecham conducting: Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Tues., March 9, at 8:30 P.M.

MUSEUM CONCERT—Fourth and last program of the annual symphonic series, Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art (RH 4-7690), Sat., March 13, at 3 P.M.

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Dorothy Maynor, Sun., March 7, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Carnegie Chamber Music Hall: Janet Fairbank, Fri., March 5, at 8:30 P.M.; Robert Goldsand, Wed., March 10, at 8:30 P.M.

TOWN HALL—Bernardo Segall, Sat., March 6, at 8:30 P.M.; Louis Kaufman, Thurs., March 11, at 8:30 P.M.

ELSEWHERE—At the **INTERNATIONAL STUDY CENTER**: Lotte Lehmann and Marcel Grandjany, Fri., March 5, at 8:30 P.M. (1010 Park, at 85. For tickets, call BU 8-4103 between 10 A.M. and 1 P.M.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: League of Composers concert of chamber music by Camargo Guarnieri, with Joseph Schuster, Arnaldo Estrella, and others, Sun., March 7, at 8:45 P.M. (For tickets, write to the League of Composers, 113 W. 57.)

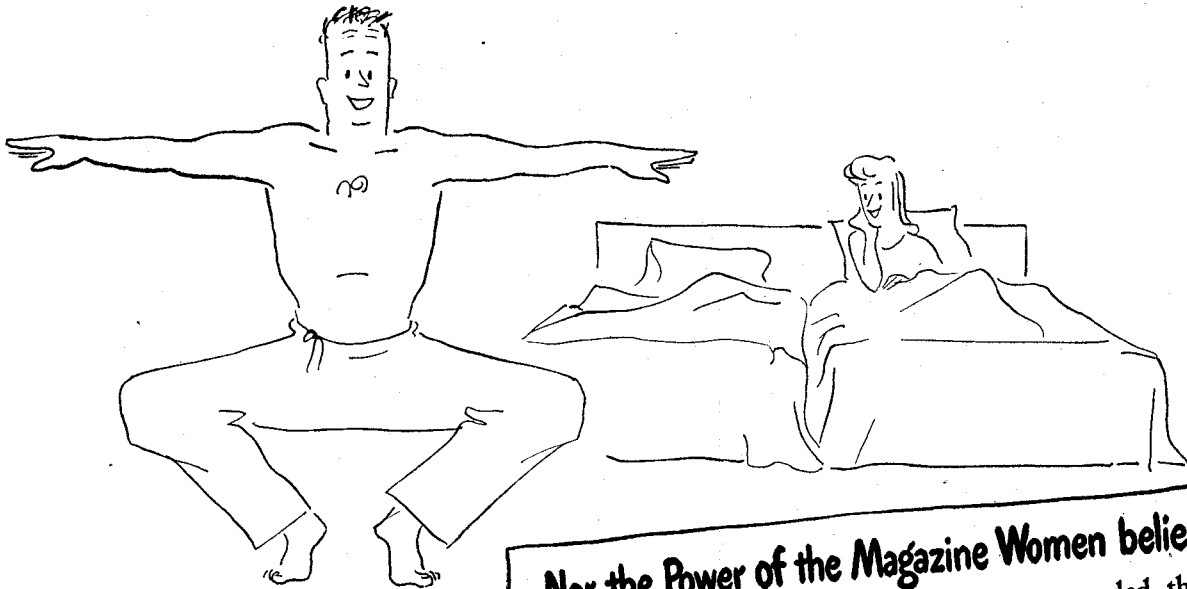
A festival of American chamber music, by players from the Juilliard Graduate School, Wed. and Fri., March 10 and 12, at 8:15 P.M. (For tickets, call MO 2-3302.) . . . **MC MILLIN THEATRE**: Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin, Sat., March 13, at 8:30 P.M. (B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 543.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"The Magic Flute," Thurs. Eve., March 4; "Lohengrin," Fri. Eve., March 5;



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 4,
THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 13.

"Aida," Sat. Aft., March 6; "Der Rosenkavalier," Sat. Eve., March 6; "Don Giovanni," Mon. Eve., March 8; "Götterdämmerung," Tues. Eve., March 9; "La Bohème," Wed. Eve., March 10; "Mann," Thurs. Eve., March 11; "La Forza del Destino," Fri. Eve., March 12; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Aft., March 13; "Carmen," Sat. Eve., March 13. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

ROSALINDA—The Max Reinhardt version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

SPORTS

FIGURE SKATING—Madison Square Garden: national-championship finals, a benefit for the American Flying Services Foundation, Mon., March 8, at 8:15 P.M.

BASKETBALL—Madison Square Garden: N.Y.U. vs. C.C.N.Y., and St. John's vs. St. Francis, Wed., March 10, at 8:15 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Beau Jack vs. Fritz Zivic, catchweights, 12 rounds, Fri., March 5; Tami Mauriello vs. Jimmy Bivins, heavyweights, 10 rounds, Fri., March 12. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts start at 10.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Canadiens, Thurs., March 4; Rangers vs. Toronto, Sun., March 7; at 8:30 P.M. ... Amateur-series games: Sun., March 7, at 1:30 P.M.

TRACK—Madison Square Garden: Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. Meet, Sat., March 6; K. of C. Meet, Sat., March 13; at 8 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITION—The first of a series of outdoor exhibits under the supervision of the Office of War Information, this one illustrating the accomplishments and aims of the United Nations. Among the features are short recorded addresses, repeated at frequent intervals, by Roosevelt, Churchill, and, in their native tongues, by Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek: Rockefeller Plaza. Daily 9 A.M. to dusk; through March 14.

GARDENING AND FARMING—A two-hour show of short British films on vegetable-growing, poultry-raising, and other matters of interest to the rural beginner: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Thurs. and Fri., March 4-5, at 12 noon.

COMIC ART—Original drawings and reproductions of works by Cruikshank, Rowlandson, Gillray, and other eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English illustrators: Morgan Library, 29 E. 36. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 31.

MASKS—Eighty examples from the Kenneth Macgowan collection, dating from prehistoric times to the present and arranged by Lee Simonson: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

PHOTOGRAPHY—At the AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Pk. W. at 79: six hundred prints in a show sponsored by the Pictorial Photographers of America and several Pan American groups. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 21. ... MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104: over a hundred portraits of theatre people, taken by Carl Van Vechten during the past decade. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

PLANETARIUM—"Stars in Song and Story," a lecture and demonstration, musically illustrated with recordings, will be this month's program at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M., and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR—Elmer Davis, head of the Office of War Information, starting a series of weekly broadcasts, Fri., March 12, at 10:45 P.M., WABC, WEAF, WJZ. ... Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Fri., March 5 and 12, at 2:30 P.M., WOR. ... Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., March 6, at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. ... Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun., March 7, at 3 P.M., WABC. ... N.B.C. Symphony, Stokowski conducting, Sun., March 7, at 5 P.M., WEAF. ... Metropolitan Opera: "Aida," with Zinka Milanov, Giovanni Martinelli, and Bruna Castagna, Sat., March 6; "Il Trovatore," with Stella Roman, Kerstin Thorborg, and Arthur Carron, Sat., March 13; at 2 P.M., WJZ. ... Boxing: Beau Jack vs. Fritz Zivic, Fri., March 5; Tami Mauriello vs. Jimmy Bivins, Fri., March 12; at 10 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri., March 5 and 12, and Sat., March 6, at 10 P.M., WJZ; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45

P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WJZ. ... News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 and 6 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Early American and English furniture, mechanical banks, hooked rugs, and Remington bronzes, owned by James L. Hutchinson, the late Florence Woods, the late Augusta Elliott, and others: Thurs. and Fri., March 4-5, at 2 P.M. ... English eighteenth-century furniture, Georgian silver, and Chinese porcelains, from the collection of the late H. Azro Patterson: Sat., March 6, at 2 P.M. ... A source library on the fine arts, belonging to the late Dr. George M. Richter: Mon. and Tues., March 8-9, at 2 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

ACROSS THE PACIFIC—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, Sydney Greenstreet, and a generous portion of espionage are offered for your approval, and should get it. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Tues. through Thurs., March 9-11.)

AIR FORCE—All the action, which is naturally plenty, seen by one imaginary bomber crew in the Pacific in December, 1941. John Garfield and Harry Carey, among others. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THE BLACK SWAN—Blood and thunder in Technicolor. Tyrone Power, George Sanders, and Laird Cregar are pirates and Maureen O'Hara is unburied treasure. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., March 8-9. ... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., March 9-10.)

CASABLANCA—Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains right in the middle of pre-Eisenhower North Africa. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Thurs., March 11.)

GENTLEMAN JIM—The early career of James J. Corbett, portrayed by Errol Flynn in the best artificial boxing sequences Hollywood has come up with. He's O.K. out of the ring, too. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., March 4.)

I MARRIED A WITCH—About a man who married a witch. Fredric March and Veronica Lake. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., March 5-7. ... Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., March 6-8.)

IN WHICH WE SERVE—Voted the best picture of 1942 by the Film Critics' Circle, and with a certain amount of justice. It's the one about the British destroyer, by, and with, Noel Coward. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., March 8. ... Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Wed., March 10.)

LIFE BEGINS AT 8:30—Monty Woolley as an old actor who has taken to the bottle. With Ida Lupino. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., March 4. ... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Tues., March 6-9. ... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., March 10-13.)

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS—Joseph Cotten, Dolores Costello, Tim Holt, Agnes Moorehead, Anne Baxter, and Ray Collins all perform creditably in this tricky adaptation by Orson Welles of Booth Tarkington's novel. Mr. Welles doesn't appear

himself, but you know he's around somewhere. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Thurs., March 4.)

MRS. MINIVER—Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in a vast, prolonged story of England's ordeal under fire. Expert, stirring, and abundant in tears and drama. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., March 5-8.)

THE PIED PIPER—Monty Woolley and some children not his own travel across invaded France. Mr. Woolley is especially winning. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Fri. through Mon., March 5-8.)

SALUDOS AMIGOS—Walt Disney's colorful report on South America, with a cast including Donald Duck, Goofy, and a new parrot. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

SHADOW OF A DOUBT—Alfred Hitchcock's film about the menace that threatens a family on the West Coast when it is visited by a certain uncle from the East Coast. Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright, and Henry Travers. (Palace, B'way at 47; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., March 10.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—A grand, big musical show in itself and, incidentally, a bit of the history of the late George M. Cohan, who is impersonated ably by James Cagney. Also with Jeanne Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., March 5. ... Art, 36 E. 8; and Beacon, B'way at 75; through Wed., March 10. ... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Thurs., March 5-11. ... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Tues. and Wed., March 9-10.)

REVIVALS

ALGIERS (1938)—Life in the native quarter. Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., March 4.)

BACK STREET (1941)—Fannie Hurst's familiar old tale of love and tears. Margaret Sullivan and Charles Boyer. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., March 6-8.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—Rabelaisian French film. With Raimu. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Fri. through Mon., March 5-8.)

KINGS ROW (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Thurs., March 9-11.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Paul Lukas. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., March 5.)

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER (1942)—Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley in the Kaufman-Hart comedy. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., March 4.)

THE MAYOR'S DILEMMA (1940)—French life during the last war. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. and Sat., March 5-6.)

OF MICE AND MEN (1940)—Burgess Meredith and Lon Chaney, Jr. are the Steinbeck ranch hands. Betty Field is the girl. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., March 9-11.)

PASTOR HALL (1940)—Germany in early Hitler days. Nova Pilbeam, Sir Seymour Hicks, and Wilfrid Lawson. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., March 4.)

PORT OF SHADOWS (1939)—Jean Gabin on Le Havre's waterfront. French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. and Sat., March 5-6.)

A STAR IS BORN (1937)—Janet Gaynor, Fredric March, and Hollywood life. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., March 9-11.)

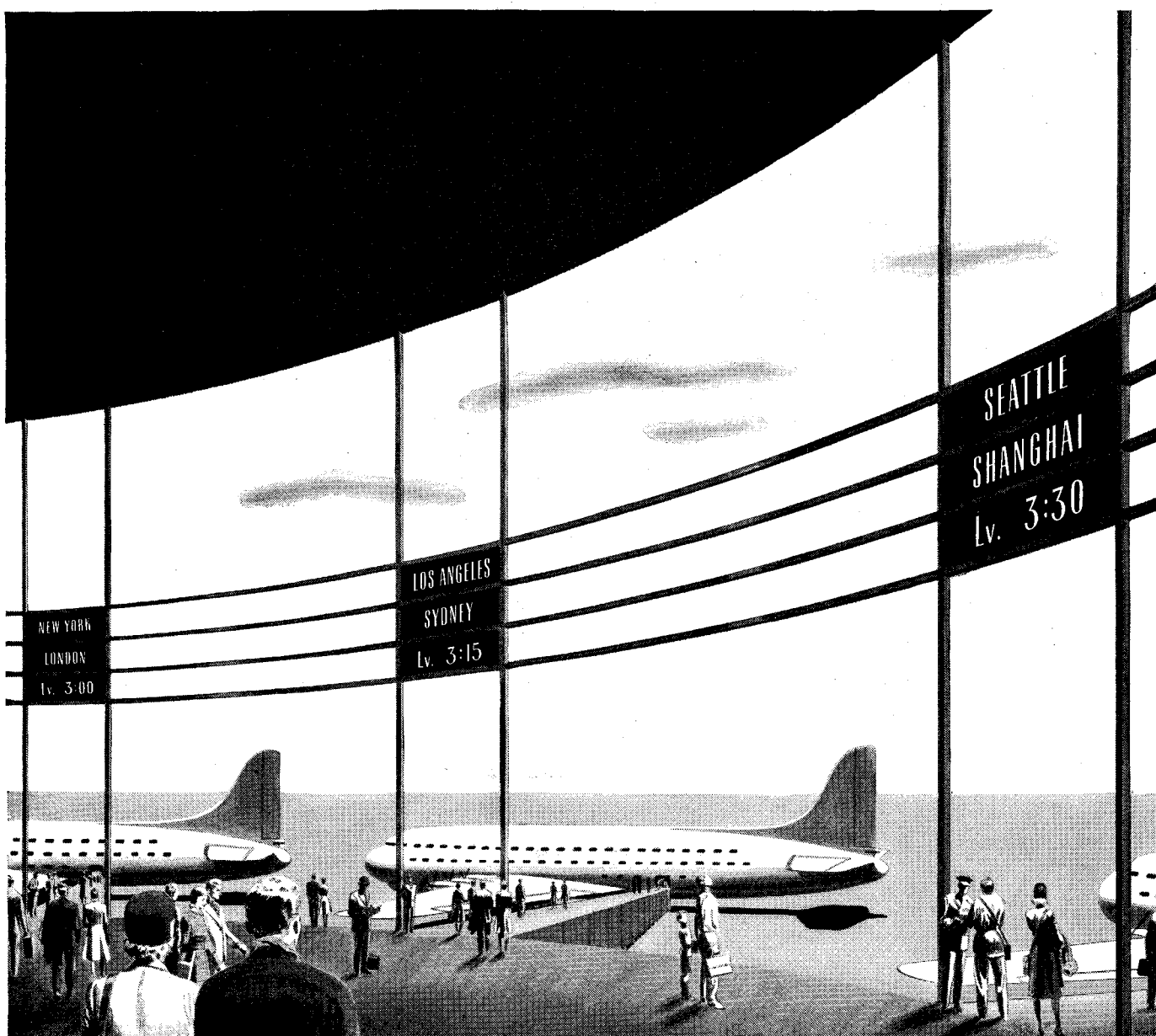
SUSPICION (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Thurs., March 4.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**THURS., MARCH 4**: "The Love Parade" (1929), directed by Ernst Lubitsch. **FRI. AND SAT., MARCH 5-6**: "Little Caesar" (1930), Edward G. Robinson. **SUN. AND MON., MARCH 7-8**: "Anna Christie" (1930), Greta Garbo. **TUES. AND WED., MARCH 9-10**: "Morocco" (1930), Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. **THURS. AND FRI., MARCH 11-12**: "Outward Bound" (1930), Leslie Howard and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. **SAT., MARCH 13**: "Public Enemy" (1931), James Cagney.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—The Manhattan Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), is this borough's clearing house for residents who want to help by taking one of the many hundreds of emergency jobs that are in urgent need of filling. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. phone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-1000; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.) The C.D.V.O. is prepared to assign men and women to wartime tasks and to serve as a liaison agency between volunteers and





Trade Routes in the *Age of Flight*

The airlines are doing two jobs today: For example, United Mainliners are operating regular scheduled flights over the Main Line Airway for passengers, mail and express; other United planes are operating military routes to foreign lands. Both of these vital war duties are helping them to prepare for new responsibilities . . . in the coming Age of Flight.

Many of the earth's resources lie isolated . . . untouched . . . awaiting an economical way to reach them.

In the Age of Flight, the airplane will unlock these resources. For the airplane is a pioneer. It can chart the courses of trade routes to different lands. Railroads or highways may then be built . . . towns born to flourish . . . and the development of a new trade route completed.

Recently, a remote outpost on this continent was threatened. Great transport planes went into action. Guns, munitions, soldiers, workmen, machinery were flown across miles of wastelands. A powerful air link was established.

Meanwhile, a highway was started. Plans for a railroad were drawn up. Some day, buses, trucks, trains and planes will all share with the already

established steamship lines a profitable trade to that land of opportunity.

When the war is won, this same experience will be duplicated in other places throughout the world. United Mainliners of the future will take to the skies on errands of peace—trail blazers of new and profitable trade routes—heralds of the Age of Flight.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

such groups as the Red Cross and the American Women's Voluntary Services.

Some of the most pressing needs of the C.D.V.O., all of more or less equal importance, are for (1) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (2) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then put in at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (3) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (4) women to serve the Army's Auxiliary Aircraft Warning Service by working five and a half hours every other day or evening, or one night a week from 12 to 8 A.M., plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity; (5) men and women to take a short course of instruction and then work as block-service leaders, visiting twenty families in their neighborhoods at least once every fortnight to explain developments in rationing and salvage; (6) women to take a two-week part-time training course and then put in at least nine hours a week as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions.

People who can't volunteer on a steady basis are urged to register with the C.D.V.O. to act as spot workers on short-notice jobs.

SALVAGE—The government is still asking civilians to save and turn in kitchen fat, used rubber, rags, and tin cans and other scrap metal and to bear in mind that salvage should not be mixed; rags, for instance, should be kept separate from rubber. . . . The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rags, scrap metal, and rubber in amounts of fifty pounds or more and is ready with advice on how to dispose of smaller quantities. . . . Neighborhood butchers have been asked by the government to act as middlemen between householders who save kitchen fat and firms which are prepared to convert it into glycerine, an important ingredient of explosives. If you want to help out, strain your pan and broiler drippings and excess deep-frying fat into a clean, wide-mouthed can and keep what you collect in a cool place until you have a pound or more to turn over to your butcher. . . . Householders are being urged to continue washing and flattening their tin cans after cutting out both ends and removing the labels. Your building superintendent will see that those you save reach the proper authorities.

Women who are lucky enough to have any silk or nylon stockings left should remember that worn-out ones are needed for making parachutes and gunpowder bags, among other things, and can be turned in at the hosiery counters of most department stores.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—Provisions for volunteering and for collecting salvage are by no means uniform in communities outside the city. The nearest defense unit is the best bet for rural dwellers seeking guidance, but such units are often haphazardly organized and in some sections there aren't any. If you can't locate an efficient one and the local police can't help, write for advice to the War Council at your county seat.

DONATIONS—The Red Cross is very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to cooperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Army can use, right now, seven hundred motion-picture projectors (16-mm. sound) for servicemen overseas. If you have one, you can give it to the Army by sending it back to the manufacturer, who will forward it to the proper receiving station. . . . The 1943 Victory Book Campaign, sponsored by the American Library Association, the Red Cross, and the United Service Organizations, will continue through Sun., March 7, its aim being to get more than 10,000,000 volumes for servicemen both here and abroad. Western and mystery stories are particularly in demand. Borden and Sheffield milkmen are serving as collectors and donations are also being accepted by all public libraries. . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will call for and distribute any phonographs and records, radios, musical instruments, floor lamps, and games (especially basketball and ping-pong equipment) which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. Cigarettes, of course, can always be used. . . . The Army is looking for dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, pack, and messenger duty. Owners wishing to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6471), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements.

NOTE—Under the guidance of the C.D.V.O., a dozen or more Consumer Service Centres have been set up, where anyone puzzled by the problems of adjusting himself to a wartime economy may go for enlightenment. You can find out which centre is nearest you by calling the Consumer Division of the C.D.V.O., LE 2-2870.



Farmer Peter Krump of Kent, Minnesota, (left) and daughter Patricia, 9, receive award from Governor Stassen for outstanding production of war foods.

WHAT MAKES A NEWSPAPER GREAT ?



"DID YOU HEAR? GOVERNOR STASSEN JUST AWARDED THE FIRST 'A' FOR AGRICULTURE!"

A NEW FLAG was unfurled December 29, 1942, in the office of Minnesota's Governor Harold E. Stassen—a maroon "A" on a golden background, honoring Minnesota farmers who excel in producing vital war foods just as the Army-Navy "E" honors superior industrial producers.

First to receive the Minnesota "A" was husky 45-year-old Peter Krump of Kent, Minn., whose 1,120 acres, in 1942, yielded 20,000 bushels of oats, 8,300 bushels of corn, 4,300 bushels of barley, 1,250 bushels of flax, 400 tons of alfalfa; nurtured 35 milk cows, 220 hogs, 160 sheep, 750 chickens.

Nine daughters and five sons, ranging from 4 to 20, help Farmer Peter Krump make the farm front hum. Patricia (above) tends chickens, does housework. "A" flags for farmers who set new marks in producing war-winning foods, and "A" pins for their families and hired hands, are provided by the Minnesota legislature and business men's committees.

Helping spread word of the awards and bestow them worthily is Axel Hansen, farm editor of The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune newspapers. Nationally known as a farm manager and livestock judge, Farm Editor Hansen has developed and milked three world-champion dairy cows,



Axel Hansen

including six-year Champion Duchess Skylark Ormsby, first cow to yield more than 1,200 pounds of butterfat in a year. Axel has judged the National Dairy Show four years, the Canadian Royal Livestock show at Toronto 11 years in the last 16, scores of others all over America.

Farmer Krump and family are Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune subscribers. Like more than 300,000 other families daily, more than 360,000 Sunday, in Minnesota and the upper Mississippi valley, they know Farm Editor Hansen as an expert counsellor, and they know his newspapers as a good friend and neighbor as well as a dependable news source.

Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune

JOHN COWLES • President

STAR-JOURNAL (evening) + TRIBUNE (morning) Over 300,000 ★ SUNDAY TRIBUNE Over 350,000



young grey flannel with fresh white frills! Gay, light-hearted grey...in Hockanum's all-wool menswear flannel! Two-piece suit dress, ruffled eyelet batiste on jacket and skirt. Princesse coat dress, detachable dickey of white pique with ruffled eyelet trim. Sizes 9 to 15, each 22.95. Beau-catcher hats in spick-and-span white, each 5.95.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE latest addition to the file we keep on the struggle between man and his civilization concerns a postcard that has been trapped in the mail chute on the nineteenth floor of our building, which happens to be the one we are on. Perhaps through some surprising connection between the chute and the winds in the lobby downstairs, the card cannot descend but hangs there, now plastered against the glass, now flapping forlornly, while heavier mail sails downward. During one of its periods of adhesion we discovered that it was addressed to Mr. Harry Shearing,



of Toledo, Ohio. As we go to press, it is still there, beating its wings like a prisoned butterfly. Sorry, Shearing, but there isn't a thing we can do.

ONE of the vital documents of our time was passed on to us recently by a friend who works for a book-publishing house that specializes in detective stories. It is a fan letter of sorts received by his firm from a man in California. "I like your books very much," the man wrote. "There is some way you express your words that makes your books very interesting. I hope you might be able to write a book that I have suggested. These suggestions might be able to help you in other books that you are writing. The title for the story is 'Money Wasn't the Point.' Be sure to have Dr. Thorndyke in it." The Californian's suggestions followed:

1. Have it as gruesome as you can.
2. Through it have lots of murders.
3. Have people get tortured.
4. Have about three men be the murderers.
5. Make it unusual as you can.

6. Every night at 12 o'clock have someone in the town disappear.

7. Have the town by a lake and only three policemen and about 35 families and real big old haunted houses, not modern.

8. Have the killers kill because they like to kill, instead of killing for money like killers do in most mysteries.

9. Have everyone in the book that talks, talk in horror.

10. Have the police think there is only one murderer, and just get one of them. Then have the other two or three men torture or kill someone else. And the police let the one murderer they caught go, because they think he hasn't anything to do with it. When the police let him go, he goes back to the other murderers, and they start over again.

One of the chief complaints of the detective-story writer, and perhaps of every writer, is the utter impossibility of knowing just what the public wants. Here, in ten clear-cut points, is the great, beating heart of the public, exposed at last to view. Any author who can't follow those simple directions and turn out a best-seller called "Money Wasn't the Point"—full of murders, torture, blood lust, haunted houses, talking in horror, and Dr. Thorndyke—is the sort of writer who can't write his name on the back of a check.

PLOWSHARES INTO SWORDS NOTE: Walking along Lafayette Street the other day, we saw a particularly large and impressive electrical control board, bristling with copper switches, standing in lonely grandeur in a scrap heap. On its side, stencilled in the aggressive black lettering of a vanished day, was the inscription "Control Board, Fountain Fireworks, Lagoon of Nations."

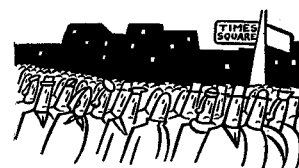
AN inspirational advertisement entitled "The Kid in Upper 4," placed in newspapers and magazines by various railroads to explain that the inconveniences of civilian travel are caused by troop movements, has lately been apotheosized by the radio people. Not only was it recited by Eddie Cantor

but it was set to music by a composer named O'Flynn and sung by one Evelyn MacGregor, a soprano. Reflecting on these developments, we somehow can't see the writer of this advertisement feeling himself extraordinarily honored; it's more probable that he merely grumbled, "It's about time." There is a lot of advertising copy that, to be properly appreciated, should be set to music and sung (or, in certain cases, recited by Eddie Cantor). Many of the



poets of the agencies have long since stopped composing for linotype and Hoe press. Though we feel that paper is an adequate medium for the shirtsleeve comments we ourselves make, hardly a week goes by without our turning to our advertising pages and seeing a piece of writing that cries out for interpretation by the Westminster Choir.

ONCE the mettlesome taxicab carried us dry-shod across Times Square to the theatre; now we ford it afoot, through a deep, sluggish current that at points is shoulder-high. The Times bulletin board is blank and uninformative, the electric signs no longer dance and wink, and the nourishing acids that went into orange and pineapple drinks have been diverted to the manufacture of munitions; no hu-



man motive remains for frequenting Times Square, but it is still crowded. In obedience, no doubt, to the earth's motion, the crowd moves counterclockwise, as smoke spirals from a chimney on a



"Keep moving, men. Don't stand there gawking."

windless day—up Seventh Avenue, across Forty-sixth Street, down Broadway, and across Forty-second. Once in a while somebody rather nervously attempts to explain away the phenomenon as an influx of war workers on holiday, but we know better than that. Those eager and vacant faces, the leather jackets and other items of futuristic clothing, the obvious remoteness of these individuals from ordinary human passions or purposes, all this can mean but one thing—we have been invaded by Mars, just as Orson predicted.

Indignant Dr. Aiken

THE name of Dr. Janet Aiken, at present an English instructor on the Columbia faculty, may be familiar to you for any one of several reasons: the newspapers have often taken up her unorthodox opinions about English grammar and rhetoric; a year ago she was eased off the faculty of Brooklyn College for refusing to be an air-raid warden; and just lately, on Washington's Birthday, she walked barefoot from her apartment on West 114th

Street to City Hall as a gesture of protest against shoe rationing. Always interested in windmill-tilters, we called on Dr. Aiken at her apartment, which she shares with Donny, her nine-year-old son, and another couple, who have two children of their own. She's a small, blonde, well-formed, somewhat Quakerish-looking lady of about fifty, with rebellious ideas and a persuasive manner of presenting them. We were particularly anxious to inquire into the details of the barefoot pilgrimage to City Hall. Dr. Aiken said that she had been brooding ever since shoe rationing was announced because she was convinced that there was no real shortage and that the move was the opening wedge of a collectivist scheme of the President's. When she woke up on Washington's Birthday and saw what a nice day it was, she realized that walking barefoot to City Hall was for her the inevitable answer to Roosevelt. She announced her decision to her son, who tried in vain to dissuade her and then went off, shod, to see the new Walt Disney.

Well, Dr. Aiken set out at eleven-thirty in the morning, wearing a blue

coat, white scarf, red hat, medium-length skirt, and no shoes or stockings. In one hand she carried a pair of black pumps—one of the three wearable pairs of shoes she owns—and in the other several typed statements which she intended to hand out to whoever might make inquiries of her. Nobody did make any inquiries, though. That was the strange thing about the incident—she walked a full seven miles, barefoot, without attracting any notice at all. To be sure, a little boy up near Seventy-first Street did squeak, "Looka, that lady ain't got any shoes!" Nobody paid attention to the little boy, however, so it hardly counts. Dr. Aiken walked right past six cops and none of them even blinked. "The thing is, I guess, I look too damn much like a lady," she told us. "A lady is trained always to look as if everything about her were in order." She's not even sure that she was violating any ordinance. "Maybe it was indecent exposure," she mused. "I have pretty feet." She firmly informed us that no physical martyrdom was involved. A seven-mile walk is nothing for her, and her feet weren't sore. "Oh,

I dug out a few little pieces of glass, but nothing serious," she said.

Back in 1937, Dr. Aiken, in an article printed in a magazine called *Better English*, pointed out that President Roosevelt's speeches sometimes violated the rules of English, such as in using "like" for "as." She meant to say that she thought it was a good thing for better English when the President loosened up like, or as, he did, but the public misunderstood her and divided on strictly party lines, the Democrats bawling her out and the Republicans congratulating her. The same thing happened a year later, when she compiled evidence that Dickens, in his original MSS., made an error of punctuation or spelling once every thirty words, on the average. People thought she was disparaging Dickens, whereas she only wanted to indicate how unimportant grammar and punctuation are if Dickens was able to ignore them. In addition to refusing to be an air-raid warden, which cost her a good teaching job, Dr. Aiken has refused to sign up for any of the ration books and is paying the obvious penalty of doing without rationed items. "I don't know whether I can get through this war without being locked up," she told us cheerfully. We wouldn't like to make book on it, either.

Literate

DOWN in Washington, in the Office of War Information, an acquaintance of ours overheard a harassed young lady trying to spell out a difficult name over a bad telephone connection. "No, no!" she was shouting. "Not 'A'—'I,' 'I,' 'P'—as in 'Iliad'!"

Diaphanous

THE first newsreel dates back to the year 1870 and is now offered for sale in workable condition at the Old Print Exchange on East Forty-eighth Street. In making the foregoing statement we are guilty, at worst, of only a slight license in the use of our words. It is a newsreel, sort of. It's called the Diaphanous, and, to be specific, it's a series of thirty-six oil paintings by one John Stevens, dealing with the Minnesota massacre of 1862, as well as current events (as of 1870), prominent people, and scenic wonders. The pictures, each of them about five by seven feet, are painted on a single strip of canvas arranged so that it can be unreeled in a clumsy-looking wooden frame behind

which a light is placed. The paint is laid on thin enough so that the light gives it a luminous, somewhat lifelike quality; hence the newsreel's name. Mr. Howard F. Porter, proprietor of the Old Print Exchange and the present owner of the Diaphanous, arranged a private screening for us in his back room. He's a young man devoted to the past, and took pains to make us understand that the Diaphanous was not to be considered a toy. The price alone, when we learned it, put a stop to any such notion; Mr. Porter paid a thousand bucks for the Diaphanous, which he bought from the painter's grandchildren, and naturally expects some sort of profit.

When we were seated in Mr. Porter's back room, he clapped his hands to summon an assistant and said to him, "A guest is here to see the newsreel, Frank. You may start cranking." "Sure," said Frank, a large, good-natured fellow. "I'm Frank the Crank." He turned the crank and the first scene of the Minnesota massacre appeared. "A View of the Residence of Mr. Myers. Indians Destroying His Grain—His Escape" was the title. To get us into the proper mood, Mr. Porter read, as we looked at the Diaphanous, a contemporary account of its first public showing. "It duly sobered and horrified gentlemen in the audience, made small children gasp and hide their faces in their mothers' shawls, and the women softly weep." We didn't hide our face in Mr. Porter's shawl until the ninth picture came into view. This showed a lad lying on top of his little brother to protect him from a pack of wolves; the wolves, however, were steadfastly eating their way down through the older boy to the younger one. "It's hard to say just what happened here," remarked Mr. Porter. "Perhaps the brothers fled from the massacre only to encounter the wolves." From this point on things got bloodier and bloodier, as is indicated by the titles—"Terrible Fate of the Ireland Family," "Killing of Mrs. Smith and Daughter," "The Murder of 18 Women and Children by Cut Nose." Mr. Porter took a deep breath and sighed. "The moderns and their realism!" he exclaimed. "There's realism with a capital 'R.'" "They should of stood in the city," Frank the Crank put in, plainly concerned over the fate of the pioneers.

To Mr. Porter, the Diaphanous has

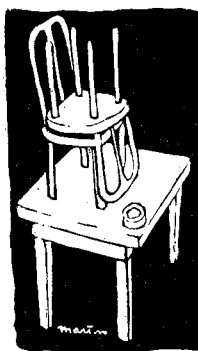
a double value—it was a contribution to the development of the newsreel and in its own right it is a good specimen of primitive art. Stevens was a self-taught artist of Binghamton, New York. "His technique was faulty," Mr. Porter remarked, "but his primitive vigor and devotion to his subject give him great currency." He added pointedly, "Oh, the miserable Impressionists and miserable Surrealists!" The Diaphanous was exhibited in the eighteen-seventies throughout the nation by an entrepreneur with the dashing name of Captain Vance, who made quite a good thing of it at a twenty-five-cent top. When Mr. Porter bought the Diaphanous, he was under the impression that the Modern Museum might want to include it in its film library, but no. "Their name gives them away—Modern Museum," Mr. Porter said with severity. At the moment he regards Henry Ford as his best prospect.

Effete

A BRIGHT-EYED lt. (j.g.) on duty with the Pacific fleet writes us that he was a member of a party which went ashore on a far-flung coral atoll. It was inhabited by friendly natives, who made them welcome in a fashion familiar to anybody who has ever seen a South Sea movie. For one thing, the native boys climbed the coconut palms, monkey fashion, and tossed down coconuts, which were hacked open to provide milk for the guests. Our hero noticed, however, that the trunks of all the palms had been notched for climbing and that the native lads wore Keds, the athletic footwear with the special inner sole.

Klorfein's Moment

WHEN a man we've never heard of bobs up at a War Bond rally in Gimbels' basement and subscribes for a million dollars' worth of bonds, that man, we say, deserves further investigation. Thus it was that we found ourself the other evening in the West End Avenue penthouse of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Klorfein. Mr. Klorfein, a solid, friendly chap with a luxuriant Russian accent, steadfastly refused to become excited about his purchase. Matter of fact, he told us, he had, two weeks before the Gimbels' affair, purchased more than a million dollars' worth of bonds down in Florida. That time, of





*"Of course every mother thinks
the sun rises and sets in her own child."*

course, he wasn't bidding on Jack Benny's fiddle at an auction, which seems to be what won him newspaper publicity for his New York purchase. "I will say this much," he said. "If I would have thought ahead when I came to this country from Russia, when I was practically thirteen years old and nothing but a blank—if I would have thought I would have bought over two million dollars' worth of War Bonds in two weeks forty-some years later, I would have been excited. But the whole country would have been excited then to

think of spending as much money as it has to now. I just grew up with the country like you got to."

Mr. Klorfein can't play a fiddle and has no intention of learning on the august instrument he now has at home on his mantelpiece. "Maybe were I younger I would have learned how to play it, but you cannot buy how to play a violin and make cigars in a window at the same time," he told us. Cigar-making was his first job in this country; now he's a cigar manufacturer and tobacco grower of considerable scope and

has financial and real-estate ramifications. Plunging off on another train of thought, Mr. Klorfein revealed that he is not a great admirer of Jack Benny. "I will be sitting on Sunday evening listening to good news or good speeches like all the time, in will come my wife and children. 'Quick, listen to Benny,' they will say, and that is how I listen to him," he explained. "Some-day I will get two radios," he added. The only reason he bid on Benny's fiddle, he said, was to please his wife, who was on the A.W.V.S. committee that promoted the rally at Gimbel's. The goal was a million dollars in sales, seven hundred and fifty thousand of which amount was subscribed as admissions (seven hundred and fifty people each bought a thousand-dollar bond to get into the rally). Klorfein promised his wife that he would make up any shortage in the sales, but this turned out to be an unnecessary assurance, for such items as a Bible that once belonged to Thomas Jefferson brought \$10,000 and a letter of Washington's \$100,000, and other large sums rolled in. Mr. Klorfein didn't do any bidding at first, figuring that he wanted only the bonds, but Mrs. Klorfein and some others came around to him and said that as long as he was going to buy some bonds he might as well have a little souvenir to take home with him. He said he'd bid on whatever came up next, and it was the violin. He bid the million. We asked Mr. Klorfein what happened when he made the

bid, and he said, "Everybody clapped and Danny Kaye got real speechless—I mean he pretended—and my wife got sort of excited for the first time. I guess she was remembering when I was making two and a half a week only." Following the usual procedure at such rallies, Mr. Klorfein did not write a check on the spot but waited until the A.W.V.S. sent a bank runner with the bonds next day.

Since the newspaper stories about Mr. Klorfein's staggering investment appeared, the telephone has been kept hot

by people who want to call the Klorfeins' attention to various worthy causes; he invariably asks them to write a letter and promises that he will consider their requests. "Nearly always we give," he said. "But that is nothing new nor nothing noble. When you come to a country at practically thirteen with nothing but a blank and now you are buying a million dollars' worth of War Bonds, there is nothing too good for that country." There are three grown-up Klorfein children, one of whom is in the Coast Guard. Mr. Klorfein thinks the Benny violin will make a good memento for them. "I suppose," he said, "it will be nice to have a thing to remember through the ages, and the children can think when they look at it, 'Father did this and this.'"

Trouble

IT was hardly a joke, a matron friend tells us, when an artist friend and neighbor borrowed her colored cook for a model. The artist is a Cubist, or something very near that. After he had finished, he exhibited the portrait to his subject. Now she does little more than wander around the kitchen murmuring, "Po-ah me, po-ah me."

Welcome

IN a brief survey the other evening we found that if you ask a sailor off the French battleship *Richelieu* how he has been received in New York, he will tell you that he has been received very well indeed. In fact, if you begin any question with the French equivalent of "How have" the sailor, whether a de Gaullist or a Giraudist or both, will say for the record that he has been received very well indeed. It's a point that the French sailors want to work into the conversation somewhere, for their reception has been so warm that it has impressed them deeply—warm and in some cases bizarre.

"Everyone would like to buy you everything," one second-class seaman told us. "Drinks, dinners, movies, newspapers, taxis, socks—everything. It's astonishing." Also astonishing, he said, is the number of people who have approached him on the street and, giving him their cards, asked him to call. "At this moment," our seaman said, "I have roughly a dozen cards in my wallet. One of them was given me by a man on Fifth Avenue who said simply '*Ma femme*' and walked away. I imagine that he meant his wife was French."

The seaman said he hadn't taken up any of the invitations yet but that he might. A third-class seaman who was with him asked us how it was that all Americans knew how to say "*Vive la France!*" He told us that many people said that to him even if they didn't say anything else.

Conversations between the French sailors and the natives, we gathered, are apt to start out boldly and then lag, probably because the native has shot his bolt at the outset. A petty officer we ran into told us that a lady had politely asked him on the street one day a question which sounded very much like "*Où vous go volez aller?*" He had replied that he was just strolling, and she had said "*Splendide!*" and gone on her way. This was a more satisfactory chat than he'd had with a fellow who silently fell in with him on Third Avenue one afternoon and walked with him for a great many blocks without doing much more than smile in a friendly way. Once the fellow said a couple of words, but an "L" train was going by overhead and the petty officer missed their drift. By the time he thought he could, within the bounds of courtesy, tear himself away, he had to go upstairs and start back for the Navy Yard.

At Jack Dempsey's, an international haunt, we came across a French seaman who was still a little shaken after an experience he had had a few hours before. He had been looking at the display in a toy-store window and a man had asked him, in French of sorts, if he could

be of any service. "This is only a toy store, you know," said the man. The seaman said yes, he knew; he was just looking at the toys. "Perhaps you want a stationery store," said the man. "Did you want to buy some postcards?" "No, thank you very much," said the seaman. "I was just passing by and stopped to look in this window here. Those dolls are very well made." The man pointed out a stationery store further up the block, where postcards could be bought, and went away, waving aside the sailor's thanks.

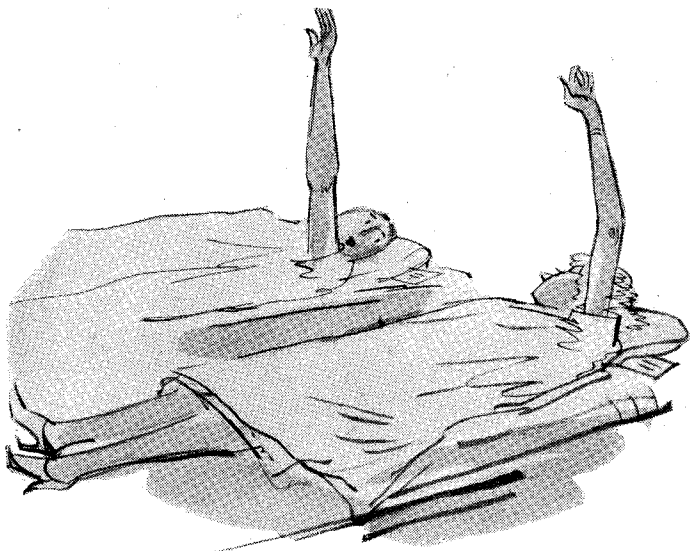
We actually witnessed one hospitable little gesture while we were at Dempsey's. One of two women who were sitting at a table stopped a French sailor who was going by and pressed a dollar into his hand. He protested strongly but finally accepted it. "They're sweet," said the woman to her friend.

Ivory Tower

WE take you now to a washroom in one of the training camps. The time is five forty-five in the morning, and a corporal, considerably the worse for sleep, is trying to shave. A private, apparently the hateful type who can be cheerful at that ghostly hour, takes over the basin next to him and remarks, "Well, well, wonder how the news from Tunisia is this morning." The corporal looks at him sourly and says, "Listen, when I joined the Army I put all that *behind me*, see?"



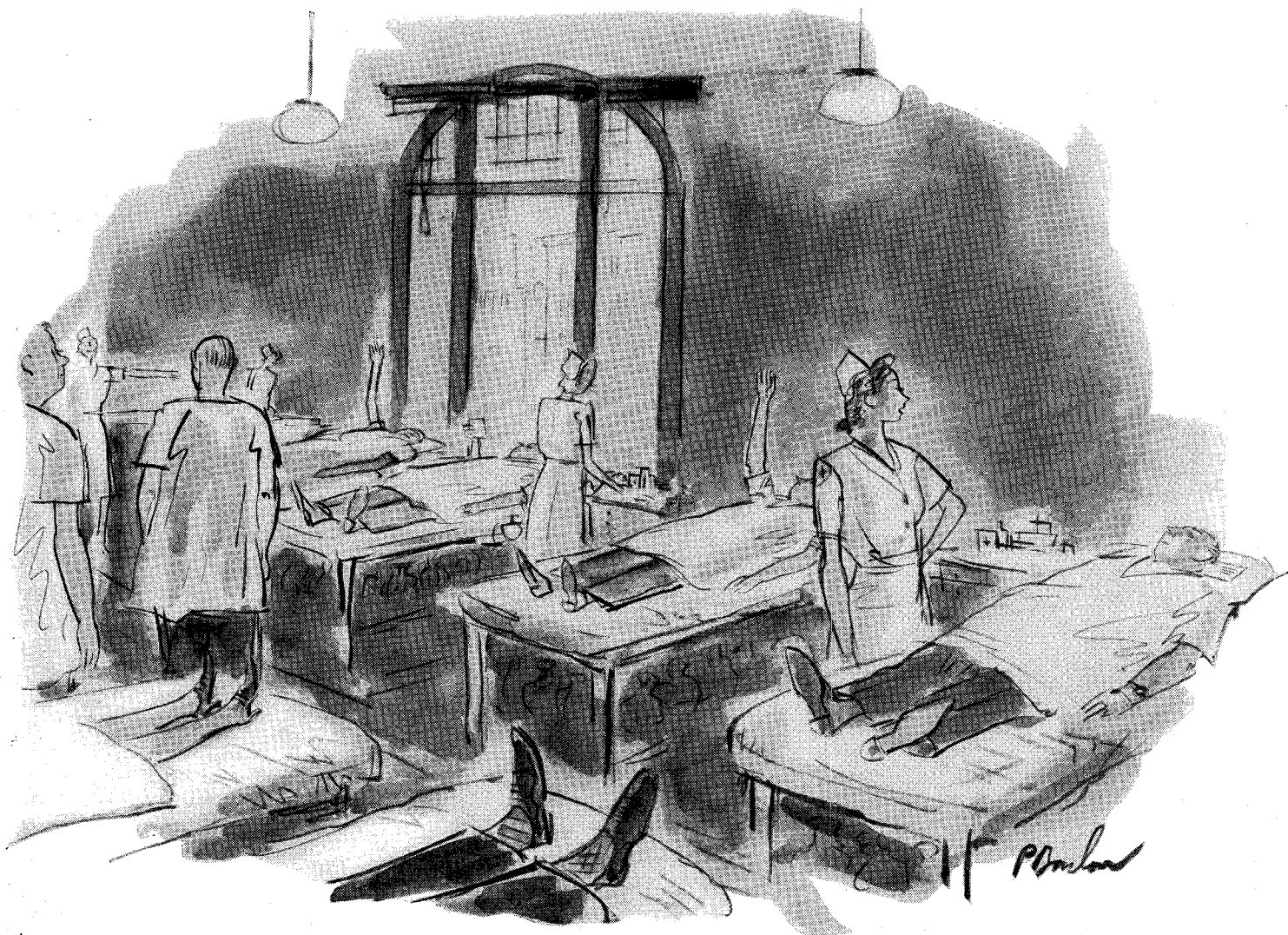
BLOOD-DONOR CENTRE, A.R.C.



"Did the doctor say how long we have to hold our arms up like this?"



Celebrity



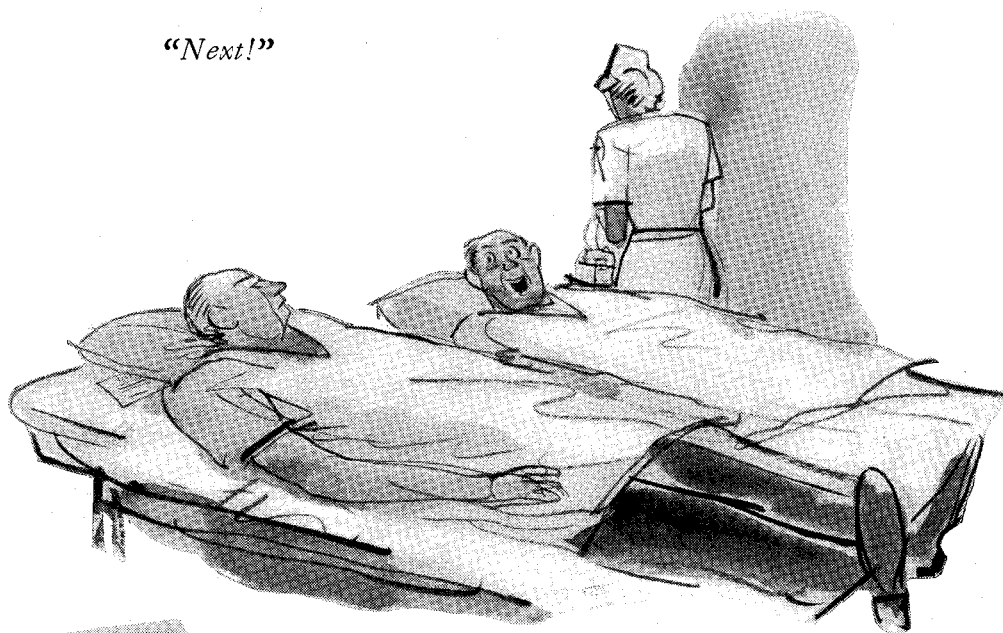
"You get a bronze button this time. The silver ones are given after the third donation."



"Next!"



"Spring 7-8224.
I sure would like yours!"



"She said this is the cot
Mayor LaGuardia used."



"You know what the doctor said? He said to just
forget all about my diet for the next three days."



"I was told I could get
a little brandy."

YOUNG MAN

MARTIN ROGERS opened the door of the apartment. He had almost run from the subway and he was out of breath. His wool scarf hung unevenly around his neck and his overcoat was unbuttoned. "I'm late," he said.

He could hear the water running in the sink, which was shut off from the rest of the room by a screen. The screen hid the small stove, too, and the even smaller electric refrigerator. His wife stepped out from behind the screen and he hurried toward her. "Are you?" she asked. She held up her sharp young face to be kissed.

"Sure I am," he said. "When I pass the clock at the drugstore, it's usually five to six. It was one after six to-night."

He stood with his arms around her. "You've got your hat on, *Marty!*" she told him. He laughed as though she had said something uproariously funny and threw his hat across the room. It landed on the floor.

"You're cute," he said. "Got my hat on! You're cute. I must have missed a train or something. I must have walked slower."

"It doesn't matter," she said.

"What do you mean it doesn't matter?" He kissed her six times. "One, two, three, four, five, six," he said. "What do you mean it doesn't matter?"

She put her hands on his shoulders and pushed him away. "Well, take your coat off," she said. "You'll catch cold."

He took off his coat and scarf and stood looking around the room. "Isn't this swell?" he asked. "Isn't it *swell*?"

The room was large. It had been the kitchen of the big brownstone house before the house was remodelled, and it had a back door that opened

out onto a yard enclosed by a high wood fence, which Martin had painted blue. In the room, against one wall, was a box spring and mattress covered with soft-blue denim bound in white. Although the denim didn't muss easily, it worried Lucille Rogers when anyone sat on it, because, she said, it did muss the sheets and blankets underneath.

In front of the bed there was a coffee table with a glass tray, and on the tray there were a pottery vase filled with artificial cornflowers, a small ashtray in

the shape of a heart, and a copy of the *Reader's Digest*. At the head of the bed stood a large bridge lamp with a fluted paper shade. There were two wicker chairs in the room, their cushions covered with chintz, and two straight chairs that looked as though they had once been part of a dining set. The bookcase which stood next to the door that led to the bathroom was almost empty. There were a few of Martin's books in it and some of Lucille's, and they were arranged so that some were on each shelf. The spaces between were filled with small china animals, a brass bowl, and a red-and-bronze Buddha, who held a tin plate for incense on his lap. In the exact centre, on top of the bookcase, was a Baby Ben alarm clock in ivory and white, and two glass candlesticks stood at either end.

Lucille had disappeared behind the screen again. "It sure is swell," Marty said. He walked across the room and picked up his hat and put his hat, coat, and scarf in the closet. His other suit was in the closet, and six or seven dresses were arranged neatly on hangers. Marty bent his head and sniffed at them. "Smells good," he said.

He walked across the room and switched on the radio, which stood on a painted table by the window. "Schéhérazade," by Rimski-Korsakov," an announcer's voice said.



"I'm Rimski and you're Korsakov," Marty said to Lucille. "How are you, beautiful Korsakov?"

"You can set the table," Lucille told him.

"Yes, beautiful Korsakov," Marty said, humming with the radio. He got the bridge table from the bathroom and opened it. Then he folded the screen and set it against the wall.

"Marty!" Lucille said.

He touched her hair with one finger. "I can't see you with that screen there," he said. "No see, no set the table."

Lucille lit the broiler. "I had to get lamb chops again," she said.

Marty reached up and took a printed tablecloth and two tea napkins from the shelf over the sink. "Did you, my beautiful darling?" he asked. He spread the cloth on the table and then went to the small chest that stood between the window and the door and took out two knives, two forks, and two spoons.

When he had set the table, he looked down at it. "Looks swell, doesn't it?" he asked.

"It's nice," Lucille agreed. "But I don't know."

"What don't you know, darling?" Marty asked. He went over to her and kissed the back of her neck.

"I just keep thinking that maybe we would have been better in a hotel," she said. "Without a lease. You know."

"In a hotel?" Marty repeated. "Then we wouldn't have had a place."

"I know," she said. "But with you going any minute, it might be better. I mean, it would be all right if you had your old job. You got lots of money then."

"I got lots of money now," he said. "I've got five hundred bucks and you won't have to touch that until I go. And when I go, I'll get seventy-five bucks a month until I get my commission. Why, I won't even have to pay for food or anything, so you can have the whole seventy-five bucks."

"Don't be silly," she said. "You'll have to have some money."

"Well, seventy bucks then. I don't need more than five."

She took the lamb chops from the refrigerator and stooped to open the door of the broiler. "I guess I'm just dumb," she said. "I guess I just don't know what it's all about."

The chops sizzled as she placed them on the hot grill, and smoke came out into the room. Marty put his hands under her arms and pulled her up. "Who says you're dumb? Who says so?"

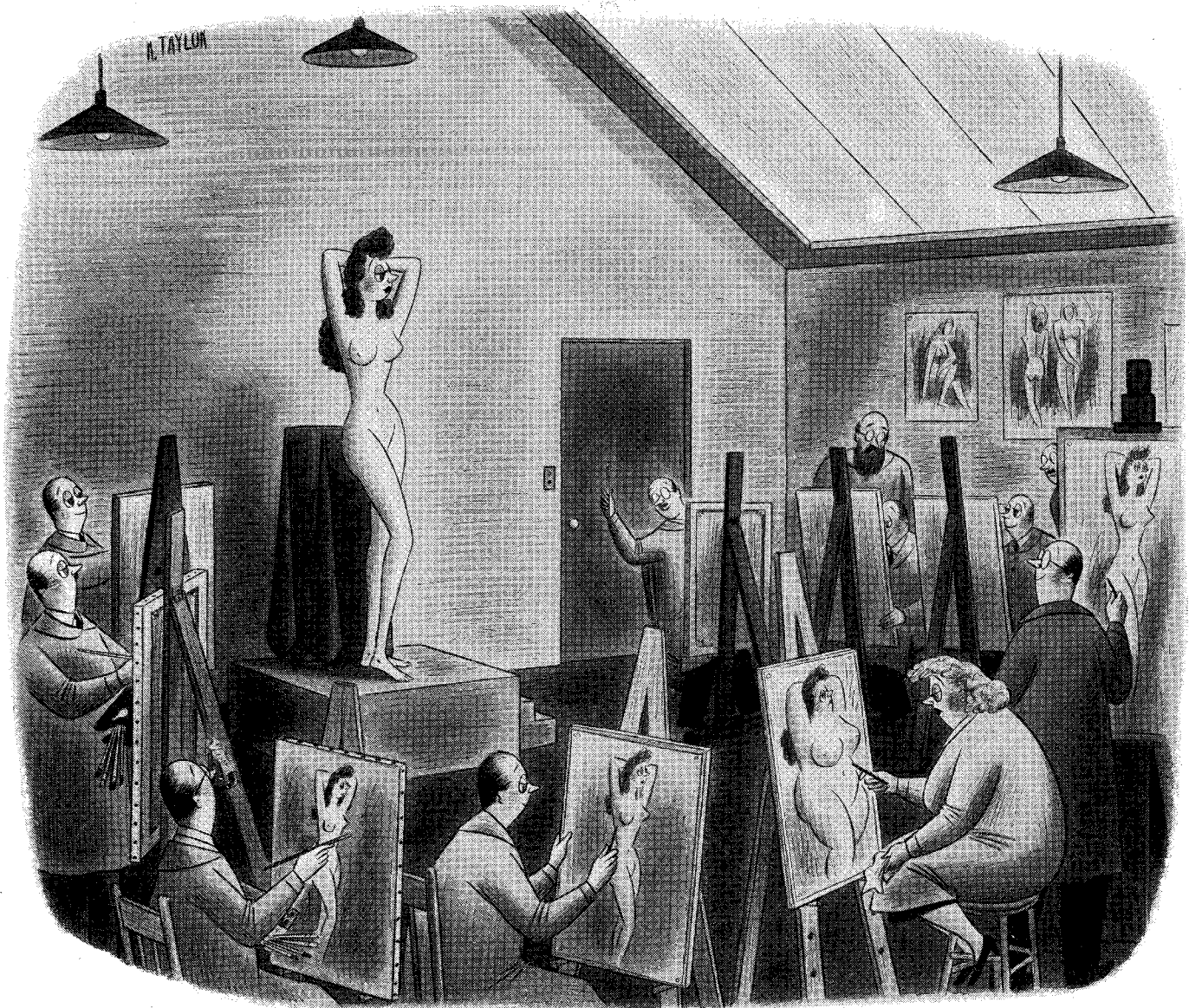
She drew in the corners of her mouth. "Well," she said, "after all, you were doing defense work and you said yourself they wouldn't take you, especially since you couldn't breathe out of one side of your nose. I mean, you were perfectly all right where you were. So what I don't see is why you had to give up a good job to have your nose fixed and enlist. That's what I don't see."

"Don't you, my beautiful darling?" Marty asked.

She pulled away from him. "Oh, I wish you'd stop saying that," she said. "You've said it every minute for six weeks. And the Navy can't want you so much. They haven't called you, have they?"

"They'll get around to it," he said. "Everything's O.K. I've got a job."

"A temporary one for twenty-five dollars," she said. "Just think—twenty-five dollars when you were making



over ninety. And when you go you'll get a measly seventy-five a month."

"For a while," Marty said. "After that I'll get more."

"Not ninety a week, though," she said.

"Look at your little face," Marty said. "Look at it!"

She brushed her cheek with her hand. "What's the matter with it?" she asked.

"It's cute," he said.

She stooped again, opened the broiler door, and turned the chops. More smoke came out into the room. "Open the back door a little," she said.

He went to the door and stood looking out into the yard. The ground was hard and bare. Some wet, decaying leaves that had fallen from the ailanthus tree covered the ground, but there were no other signs that anything had ever grown there. "You know what I'm going to get you?" Marty asked. "I'm

going to get you a deck chair, so later on you can lie out in the sun. I'll put in some bulbs and some grass seed and some other stuff, and you can lie out in the sun. How'll that be?"

"All right, I guess," she said.

"And in a little while now you can leave the door open all the time. I'll get a screen and a watering pot and a lot of stuff. You can fool around out there, and when you get tired you can lie in the deck chair and drink cokes." His eyes were bright as he thought about it.

Lucille's laugh was shrill. "That sounds too divine," she said. "If you want to know what I'm going to do *really*, I'm going to get my job back if I can. You don't think I just want to sit here, do you?"

Marty turned and faced her. "Don't you like it here?" he asked. "Why, this is a cute place. And you can have your folks over and cook dinner and play

bridge. I mean, you don't just have to have your folks all the time, either. You can have anybody."

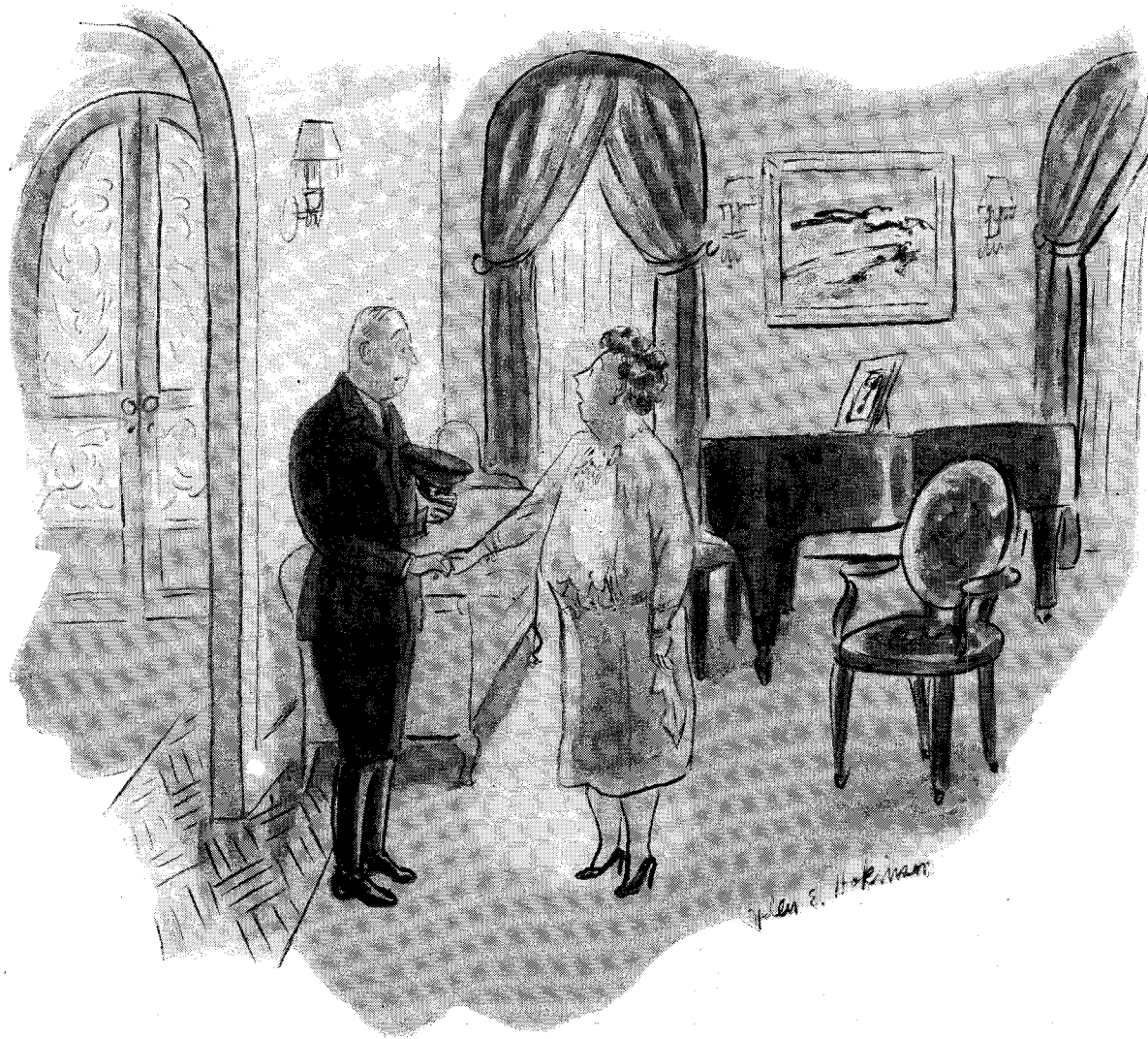
"Of course I'll have anybody," she said. "That goes without saying. I don't intend to stay cooped up like a—well, like a baby."

"Of course not," Marty said. "I wouldn't expect you to."

"We can eat now," Lucille said. She took two plates from the cupboard and put a chop on each. Then she opened the oven door and took out two baked potatoes. She split them in half and spread butter over them. Marty came over and carried the plates to the table. He got the two straight chairs and stood holding hers back from the table. She took off her apron and sat down.

"Do you want bread?" she asked. "I got a coffee ring for dessert."

"No," he answered. "This is great." He handed her the salt and pepper. "I



"Goodbye, Dempster, and be sure to let me hear from you the minute this terrible rationing is over."

sort of thought you wouldn't want to go back to work."

"Why not?" she asked. She mashed her potato slowly with her fork.

"No reason, I guess," he said.

"It'll be more fun at the office, don't you see, Marty?" she said. "I mean, you'll be in the Navy and when you get your commission I can wear *wings*. I mean, as long as you decided to go, I might as well have some fun out of it. Like Eloise. Her husband's somewhere in Africa, and she says that people are just as nice as can be to her, and take her out, and are sorry for her, and everything." She looked at him sharply. "Besides, I think everyone should *do* something, especially now, don't you?"

"Oh," he said. "That's what you mean." He laughed a little unsteadily. "Why, sure. You go right back when you want to. For a while there I didn't know what you meant."

"Well, I like that," she said. "What do you mean you didn't know what I meant? What did you *think*?"

"I thought there was something wrong with this place," he said. "Or how you felt. But it's O.K. now."

"I should hope so," she said, and smiled at him. She cut a piece of her chop and began to eat it daintily. "Why don't you get the news now, Marty?"

He got up and went over to the radio. "You have been listening to 'Schéhérazade,' by Rimski-Korsakov," the announcer said.

Marty laughed. "Rimski-Korsakov," he said. He turned away from the radio and came over to Lucille. He buried his face in her neck. "How are you, my beautiful Korsakov?" he said. "How are you, my beautiful darling?"

He put his arms around her and kissed her quickly on her neck and on her chin. "You are my beautiful dar-

ling, aren't you, my beautiful darling?" he asked.

"I suppose so," she said.

"You don't want your job back until I go, do you?" he asked.

"Of course not, silly," she said.

"Because I like to think of you here all day," he said. "When I think about it, I can just see you here. It won't be long. I expect I'll be hearing any day now."

"Silly," she said again. "What makes you so silly?"

She put her hands under his chin and kissed him. "Eat your dinner," she said. "And I'll tell you what! Let's go to a movie. We might as well have some fun. We don't want to stay cooped up here like an old married couple when we've only *been* married six weeks. Do we, silly?"

"Gosh, no!" he said. "Why, we're on our honeymoon. I almost forgot we were still on our honeymoon."

He went over to the radio and turned it off.

"The hell with the news," he said. "And the hell with the dishes. Let's get going."

He came back to the table and began to eat hurriedly. "Sure, we'll go to the movies," he said. "And get a coke afterward. And after that we can come home again. Can't we, my beautiful Korsakov?"

—SALLY BENSON

Record for being youngest parents of all time in the United States is held by Betty Jane Lacer and Tommy Campbell, of Linton, Ind. At the age of 12 Betty became the mother of a healthy 10½-pound baby. The father, Tommy, was 13 years old. Any salad including lettuce should be served after the entree. The value of lettuce is that it aids digestion. If your wife or your favorite restaurant is serving the lettuce before the entree do your stomach a kindness by calling this fact to their attention.—*Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*.

Even if your wife is more than 12?

WINTER FISHING

WE have had only one murder in our locality in recent times, but that was a double one. It might almost be called a double suicide too, for in a way both the men involved went willingly to their deaths. It happened a few years ago at a place called Paradise Lake, a few miles west of town, and the men were a couple of campers named Erwin Burke and Francis Jeffers. It was at one of the cabins there—Burke's, really, though Jeffers seemed equally free with it—that the whole thing occurred.

I have called them campers because that is the term generally used in our town to describe the people who make up the lake colony. I suppose, in the Connecticut mind, it means merely people who come and go—weekenders, let's say—as distinguished from more permanent residents. But the majority of the installations there, being rather sketchy, more or less justify the title. The lake, which began as a rather pretentious development in the late nineteen-twenties, has gone down a good deal in recent times, and except for the end near the clubhouse its shores are now dotted with a shabby array of tents and makeshift cottages, parked trailers, and so on. Burke's cabin, however, was a more substantial affair, and the two men were obviously a cut above most of their neighbors.

I used to see them from time to time at the general store in the village—Burke short, plump, blond, and affable, with a round moonface and a pale, blue-eyed, babylike stare behind thick-lensed glasses; Jeffers darker and leaner, quiet-mannered, and a little stoop-shouldered. They were businessmen, partners, it appeared, in some sort of exporting concern in the city. Both were in their forties, with the thinned-out muscles and slightly sagging paunches which go with that age if the life has been sedentary, and, no doubt, in the city both dressed conservatively.

In the country, however, they went native wholeheartedly, and to them, as to most vacationers on the lake, this meant shorts or bathing trunks, sneakers, jerseys or polo shirts—all, of course, as dirt-stained and disreputable as possible. Such clothes look all right on young people, but on older men they seem faintly ridiculous and, as I think of the two

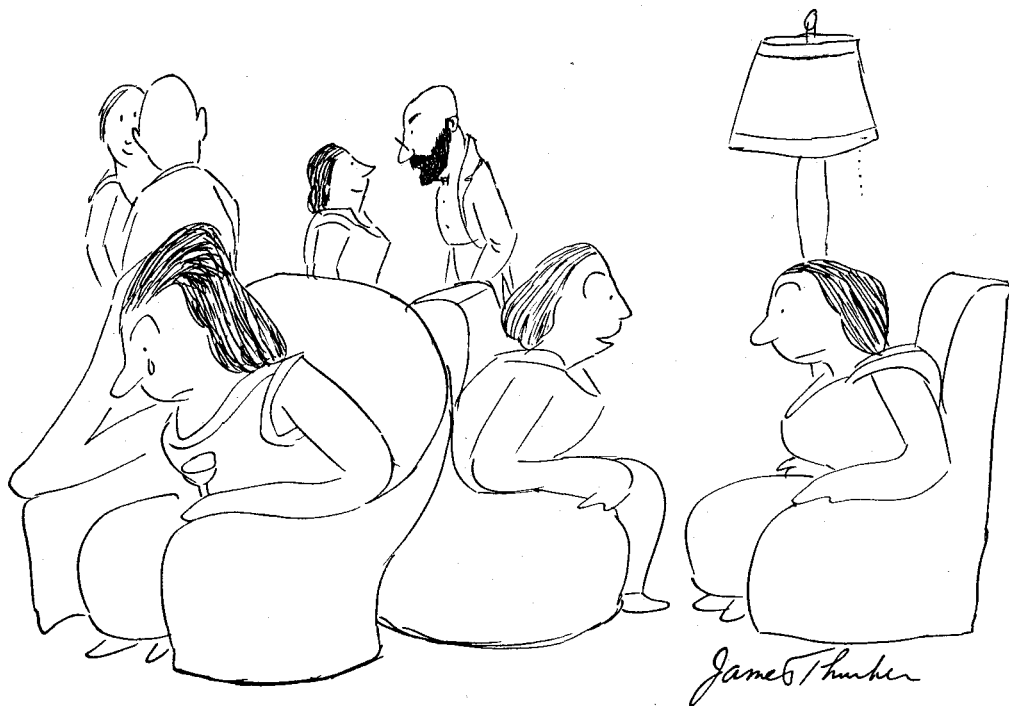
men now, it is still a little in that light that I see them. They would be wandering around the store, waiting while Dave Bassett, the proprietor, made up their grocery order. Burke would be in shorts, perhaps, and Jeffers in a pair of torn cotton pants, the seat wet from the damp bathing trunks he had on underneath; they would be drinking cokes out of the bottle. It was Jeffers who did the cooking, one gathered. Anyway, it was he who usually gave the order. Burke would roam along the shelves, sucking on his coke and looking more like an overgrown baby than ever with his thick, pink-skinned thighs and round, innocent face; occasionally he'd pull down some tinned concoction that appealed to his fancy, amble over to the counter, and add it to the order. Sometimes Jeffers would turn on him. "Listen, Winnie," he'd say. "We don't need that. We got tons of that stuff at the cabin already. The trouble with you, boy, your eyes are too big for your stomach."

Burke would grin. "Well, fellah," he'd say, and he'd pat the fat sag of flesh beneath his jersey, "took me twenty-odd years to build this up to where it is now. Got to take good care of it." And if he saw anyone was listening, he would wink at him and go placidly back to his rummaging.

That was how they were in the comfortable atmosphere of the store—easy-

going, amiable even in their bickering, slightly comic—and when their order had been filled, the bill paid, the goods packed in a cardboard carton, they would carry their purchases out to Burke's roadster, load them into the rumble seat, and drive off down the road that led out to the lake, and to a life that was alien to that of the village. Village people used to speculate about that life, basing everything on the assumption that the girls were all wild and the men mostly drunken. But the one thing that never occurred to anyone was the possibility that either Burke or Jeffers might be plotting a major crime. Even now—and now, of course, it is in that bright, awful clarity with which one recalls the doomed that I see them—it's their air of utter harmlessness that I remember most.

IT was Dave Bassett who told me that the two were business partners, and it was from him that I picked up a few other odd bits of gossip about them—that Burke had gone in enthusiastically for hunting and fishing, and that Jeffers had been married once but had been divorced, and that Burke was a bachelor, and that in the city both went to the theatre a good deal. The most important item of all, however, was not known to any of us till later. Early that summer the two men had taken out equal insurance policies in favor of each other. This, it developed afterward, was done at Burke's suggestion, and the rea-



"She's broken up about this play she saw. Thomas Jefferson loses his wife and four children and Monticello."

sons he gave had a certain cogency. War already was in the air, and the threat of it had caused disruptions in the export trade; with some foresight, the two had decided to concentrate henceforth on domestic markets. This, however, had required some refinancing, in addition to a good deal of scurrying around in search of new outlets. As Burke had put it, it was a ticklish time all round, and it seemed only fair that the partners be insured against the setbacks, financial and otherwise, that either would suffer on the death of the other. The amount of each policy was \$40,000.

The store does a pretty good business with the lake crowd all through the summer, but by Labor Day or soon after things slacken off. No longer is the curb packed solid with cars Friday nights and Saturday mornings. Friday nights in the fall and winter, Dave closes the store at six, as he does on other weeknights, and goes home to an early dinner. Saturdays, the shrill crowds of girls in slacks and riding breeches give way to the placider congregations of village matrons, come there as much for gossip as for shopping. At the lake camps are being dismantled, cabins boarded up; cars, loaded down with blankets and bedding, duffelbags and suitcases, are being readied for the final trip back to the city. With their going, quiet settles on the lake.

There's a certain melancholy that settles there, too, but then I suppose that is common to all summer resorts out of season. Leaves fall first and then snow, and it is hard to say which is the more desolate—leaves packed soddenly among the smoke-blackened stones of an outdoor fireplace, wet leaves stuck to the top of a picnic table, or the snow that comes later and even more chillingly, building cones on the tops of unused trash barrels, drifting deep on the steps of untrodden porches. In either case there's a sense of desertion, of hasty abandonment about everything, as, at the spot where a retreating army has camped and then continued its retreat, you find bits of equipment strewn everywhere—a set of tent poles here, a canoe paddle or a broom there—some broken and useless, some still service-

able, but all abandoned, and the army that left them already long gone away.

I GET down to the lake occasionally in late fall or early winter. There's good cover for grouse in the wooded slopes along its shores, and it was on one such occasion that I had my first real talk with the two partners. Burke's cabin was on an inlet of the lake, around a point and some distance away from the main group of cottages and a little beyond where I usually hunted. This time it was the sound of sawing that led me on, a sound so crisp and cheerful in the brisk autumn air that I couldn't resist pushing on to see who was responsible for it. It was Jeffers I came upon first. He was standing with his back to me on a ridge overlooking the inlet; a shotgun was propped against a tree at his side, and he must have been deep in thought, for when I spoke he started violently and his hand shot out toward the gun in such a gesture that for an instant I thought he was going to snatch it up and aim it at me. He just touched the barrel, however, and then drew his hand away. What I'd said was "Hello, there. Out hunting?" but it was several seconds before he replied.

"Hunting?" he repeated. "No, I'm not hunting." He was staring at me fixedly. "You live around here?" he demanded. I said yes, or at least not far away, and apologized for bursting upon

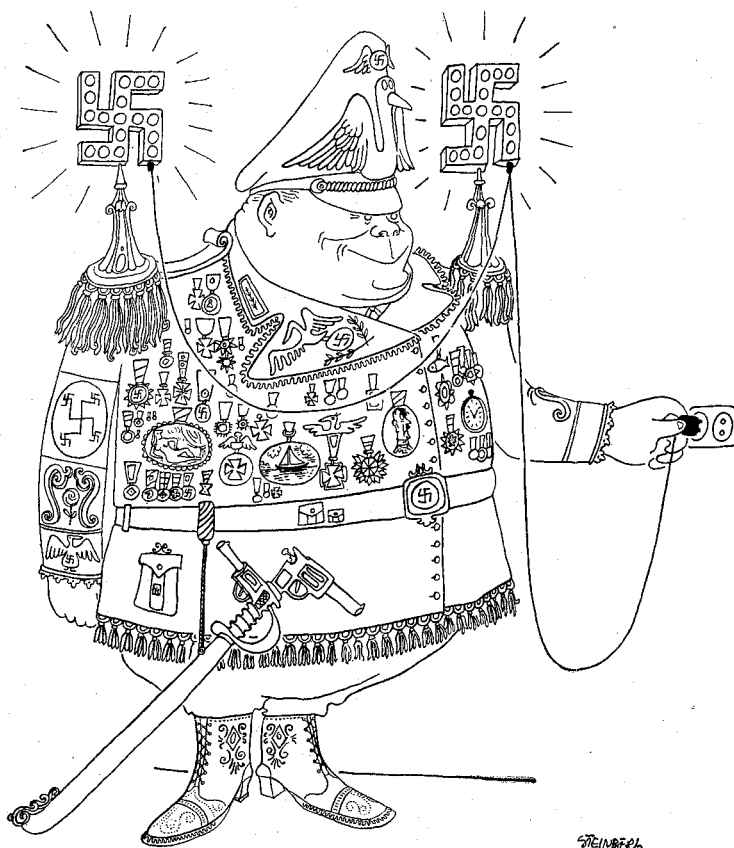
him so suddenly. I said I hoped I hadn't startled him, and I added that I'd been a little surprised myself at seeing him there; I hadn't thought that the two of them would keep on coming up to the lake so late in the season. He paid no attention.

"Seen you down at the store lots of times," he said. For a while his face had been blank and tight as a sleep-walker's, but now that he had, so to speak, brought me into focus his expression relaxed. He put his hand out and touched the gun barrel again. "No, that's Winnie's gun," he said, and he laughed. "You know—Winnie Burke, my partner. I just brought it along in case I ran into some woodchucks or something." He kept eyeing me nervously and smiling, as if anxious to make up for my bad reception. "Don't know what I'd do if I did see one, though," he went on. "I'm damned sure I couldn't hit it." I said something about being in the same boat myself as far as marksmanship was concerned, and he laughed again. "Well," he said. He pointed down the slope in front of him toward the cabin below. I had forgotten about the sound of sawing for the moment, but now, as I peered through the trees, I saw the source of it. It was Burke, hard at work cutting logs into fireplace lengths from a pile behind the cabin. "I guess what I really was doing," Jeffers said, "I was just standing here watching Winnie work."

I laughed too. "Well, he's certainly hard at it," I said, and I went on to remark on the size of the pile Burke was working on. He had what looked like a couple of cords cut and stacked already.

"Oh, he likes it," said Jeffers. "Keeps his weight down, he says. And besides, we'll use it. We'll be coming up here for quite a while yet, weekends and so on." He picked up the gun and glanced at me. "It's time he quit now, though. Come on down and have a drink."

Burke, who had heard us coming, was putting his saw away when we arrived, and the three of us went inside together. As it turned out, it wasn't an entirely agreeable visit. Drinks were made; I was



taken on a tour of the cottage; before the fireplace in the living room, afterward, we talked about country life and city life; both men obviously put themselves out to make me comfortable. But through it all there was something in the two men's attitudes—a kind of dividedness is as near as I can come to describing it—that kept me vaguely but persistently uneasy. Bosom friends though they seemed to be on the surface, it was as if, underneath, each man in his thoughts lived separately, and the result was to give a curiously disjointed air to the conversation. When I talked to Jeffers, Burke merely watched and listened, and when Burke at last spoke, it would frequently be on quite another subject. Both men watched me closely, rarely looking at each other, and since it happened that I was seated between them, I had at times almost the feeling of being an intermediary between two not exactly hostile but definitely unsympathetic strangers. I know a good deal now that I didn't know then about what must have been in the two men's minds. I know now that each for some time had been meditating the murder of the other, and I can imagine how great must be the strain of daily contacts in such a situation and how gladly one would welcome any chance at a break in that tension. At the time I decided that the whole thing was due to simple boredom or perhaps to the aftereffects of some squabble, and forgot about it.

It was Jeffers who did most of the talking, and in much the same nervous, propitiatory manner I'd noticed in him on the hill. It wasn't till I happened to mention winter fishing that Burke really became interested.

"Winter fishing?" he demanded. "What's that?"

I turned to look at him. "Well, I don't know too much about it myself," I said. "But a lot of the village people, or the boys, anyway, go in for it. They cut a hole in the ice, and they drop a

line through, and—well, they just fish. They get pickerel mostly, and perch. There's a season on them," I was going on, but Burke interrupted. For once he was looking directly at his partner, and there was a light on his round moonface that I wasn't to analyze fully until later. At the moment it seemed merely the joy that a man feels, sometimes, at stumbling on a familiar fact.

"Yes, of course, winter fishing!" he cried. "I've heard of that. They do it all along the St. Lawrence in Canada. Other places, too." He had a habit of rubbing his thumb along the side of his middle finger, from the base to the tip and then back to the base and then up again. He was doing it now. "Listen, Jeff," he went on. "Let's come up here and try it sometime when the lake freezes over. We just dig a big hole—"

"Not so big as all that, I believe," I broke in, and he turned on me suddenly.

"How big, then?" he asked.

"I think maybe a foot or two square," I said. "Hardly more."

Burke stared at me a moment, and somehow, because of the expression in the blue eyes behind his thick-lensed glasses, I got the impression that he was

thinking busily. Then his mouth pursed stubbornly. "Yeah?" he said. "Well, you want to know what I'd do? I'd cut me a big one, maybe four or five feet. Then I'd bait it—you know, put out plenty of bread crumbs, things like that, get the fish to rising. When I fish, I want to catch fish." He turned to his partner. "What say, Jeff? Shall we try it?"

Jeffers looked at him thoughtfully. "Sounds like cold work to me," he began. But then, just as Burke was going to protest, he threw himself back in his chair with a gesture of resignation. "O.K., fella," he said. "If you want to so much, we'll try it." He looked over at me and grinned. "If we live long enough, that is."

Burke stared. "If we live long enough?" he repeated. Then he too glanced at me. "Why shouldn't we live?" he asked. He got up and began picking up our glasses. "What we need's a fresh drink."

I REFUSED Burke's second drink and left soon after, but though I noticed no clue to the coming tragedy in either man's conduct that afternoon, it seems clear that in Burke's mind at



"I'll call Señor Diaz. He knows the stock better than I do."

fault was a simple one. What he overlooked was the plain fact that no man, not even one plunged into icy water in winter, would resign himself to death without a struggle. And Burke, I'm convinced, though it seems paradoxical to say so, was essentially a kindhearted man—in the sense, at least, that if he set out to kill a friend he wanted the deed done as quickly and painlessly as possible. It was the struggle that got him. Once Jeffers had been thrust in the water, the die was cast; there was no turning back; the man should be dead. And yet there he was, scrambling, struggling, head thrust forward, arms cramped against the ice, shoulders heaving as he tried to lever himself up to safety; and then slipping, and the shoulders, the face, the hair even—and the hair almost visibly freezing—washing down underneath the black water. And then, even more horrible, the slow, bubbling reappearance, and again the arms reaching, the fingernails scratching and clawing.

I suppose by that time Burke had lost all sense of the identity of his adversary. It was simply an animal, to be killed. His weapon was the ice axe, and if he began by prying its finger grip loose from the ice, he went on to jabbing at the arms and shoulders. And then panic took hold of him. All his strategy demanded, both to establish his own innocence and to collect on the insurance, that the death appear accidental. He forgot that now. He stabbed down at the fingers, and where the blade met the flesh blood was drawn, and the blood stained the ice and the cut flesh retained its mark. Then, in panic still, he stabbed straight at the face, at the eyes that confronted him so despairingly. All these marks were found on the body when it was discovered later. It is amazing how much even the corpse of a dead man can tell.

It was clear and cold that morning; there had been snow a few days before, and wind afterward, but no thaw, so the ice was half glare and half sheeted and the sparse, snowy covering still revealed all the vaporous, spidery turnings that the wind had taken as it travelled over the lake. Mainly, it was cold. A few kids were fishing through the ice farther down the lake, but they saw and heard nothing, and the whole episode could hardly have lasted more than ten or fifteen minutes. In the end cold triumphed, perhaps, more than Burke's frantic jabblings, and as its numbness invaded Jeffers' soaked body, his struggles grew feebler and his head slipped finally

underwater. Burke seems to have held him there for a while, with the ice axe caught in his collar; then, when he was sure Jeffers was dead, he hauled the body out on the ice.

Burke was sick at some time, and it was probably then, and he seems to have tried to scrub out the cuts on the hands and face with snow in order to study the damage. Any sane man, on looking at them, would have seen how heavily they must tell against him. But I suppose that at such a moment a man clings, however wildly, to what shreds of his original scheme remain, and perhaps Burke hoped that he might stumble on some explanation that would save the day. For the time he left Jeffers' body inside their shelter and went back across the ice to the cabin.

He was carrying the ice axe with him, and perhaps he planned to burn it, for he picked up a few logs of firewood on the way. Then, carrying the wood and the ice axe, he opened the door of the cabin. It is doubtful if, apart from the knowledge of pain and blind agony, he ever knew anything of what happened after that. For as he opened the door he was met by a shotgun blast, ranging up through the left chest and shoulder, of such force that it spun him around and backward, and he fell face down in the snow. He could have lived only a few seconds after that.

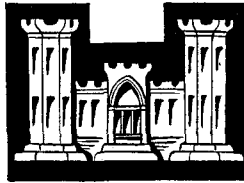
BUT all this was not discovered till later—to be precise, till Monday morning, when Fred Langerle happened on the scene. Fred's farm is some way down the lakeside, and he isn't too clear about how he chanced to be so far from home. But he may have been stalking deer or even marking down deer runs for future reference, and if

so, with the laws against deer-hunting being what they are, he wouldn't be likely to admit it. At any rate, coming down to the inlet, he saw the fishing shelter and decided to cut across past it. What he had in mind, he says, was to look in and ask "How's fishing?" What he found was Jeffers' body, and when he ran to the cabin to seek help he found Burke's.

Burke's, like Jeffers', was frozen by now, and the blood and the blood-soaked snow in which it lay were frozen too. It was lying just outside the cabin door and the right arm was still crooked about a few sticks of firewood; the rest, and the ice axe, lay scattered around it, and the whole thing was something a little bit startling for a man to come upon on a winter morning. Fred says he sat down quite suddenly to think things over.

The first thought that came to him, however, was that both murders had been the work of a madman, and he got up as suddenly as he had sat. It wasn't till he got up the courage to look inside the cabin—at the gun wedged against a chair with its muzzle aimed at the doorway, at the cord tied to trip the trigger and the other cord tied to the barrel and door latch—that the truth of the matter stood clear. For to Jeffers, too, that day had been the one day on which opportunity had combined with the will to seize it, and it wasn't his fault that the scheme hadn't turned out entirely as planned. He, no doubt, had intended to remove the cords and arrange the gun near the body so that death would appear accidental. He was prevented. But so, too, for that matter, was Burke prevented from destroying his ice axe. In that sense at least, in the end, both men were quits.

—ROBERT M. COATES



EYESTRAIN

I can't read on a train.
The words are Humpty-Dumpty
that neither horse nor man can put together.
Also, my thoughts are thrown forth by the journey
out of their centre. Time and space are flattened
by the wheeled speed against my meteor face.

I can't read in this room.
The words are smeared to nonsense.
I thought a poem might afford me peace
or faith or courage. But the print is blurred:
the planet shakes so much.

—DILYS BENNETT LAING



Joseph Clark Baldwin III

ONE of the strongest impulses of Joseph Clark Baldwin III, Representative from Manhattan's Seventeenth United States Congressional District, is to keep things on a gay, festive, and civilized plane. Adverse conditions merely cause him to redouble his efforts to brighten everything up. In November, 1941, when Baldwin and a group of his fellow-Republican congressmen were visiting Great Britain on a tour promoted by Baldwin to combat Republican isolationism, they spent a day or so in Scotland, inspecting ship-building activities on the Clyde and the damage done by German bombs. "We viewed the desolated hills where thousands of workers' homes were destroyed by blitzes and climbed amid the ruins," Baldwin cabled *PM*, which was paying for the trip, but later in this dispatch he turned with relief to the subject of a dinner given to the group that day by Polish General Headquarters in a Scottish town. "We drove to the officers' mess in a hotel where more than a score of Polish officers and a number of distinguished Scots swept us through cocktails and dinner," he wrote. "It was a gay, completely successful party." The thought of a party affects Baldwin like a mouthful of Vitamin-B-complex capsules.

For several years before Baldwin went to Washington as a congressman, he found relief from his labors as a public-relations counsellor and as a member, successively, of the Board of Aldermen, the State Senate, and the City Council

PROFILES

THE FESTIVE TOUCH-II

by giving fortnightly Thursday soirées from December through April. Society, politics, and a smattering of the arts mingled at these affairs, along with a few Baldwin clients. The guests ranged from Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, one of Baldwin's best friends, to Herbert Hoover, and the men were encouraged to keep their host company in white tie and tails. Baldwin continued to hold these gatherings even during hard times. According to eyewitnesses, however, domestic gin then took the place of champagne and the Baldwin sideboard was surmounted by a large cheese on loan from the Racquet Club, of which Baldwin is an active member. The cheese was weighed when it left the club and when it was returned, and Baldwin paid for the difference.

Baldwin's urbanity at these parties was seriously challenged only twice. Once was when Hoover pointedly ignored the outstretched hand of the late Kenneth Simpson, Baldwin's predecessor in the House of Representatives, who had attacked Hoover in a speech a few days before. "I just skated around on the ice and put them in separate rooms," says Baldwin when he recalls this incident. Another time, Baldwin introduced the then Mrs. Henry G. Davis, daughter of Mrs. Vanderbilt, to a friend of his in the Fire Department. "Here's a man who will give you a ride on a fire truck any time," said Baldwin, who enjoys dazzling the ladies with his political connections. Mrs. Davis smiled encouragingly. "There's your favorite fire truck just coming in," said Baldwin's friend, innocently indicating Mrs. Davis's mother, who had just entered the room wearing a red dress and a flaming headband. Baldwin, who likes to refer to Mrs. Vanderbilt as Mrs. Queen, paled, but recovered his equilibrium so thoroughly that a few days later, in presenting an acquaintance to Mrs. Vanderbilt, he introduced her as his favorite fire truck.

Baldwin enjoyed his parties hugely and still takes satisfaction in recalling the names of the celebrities who adorned them. "Four of my favorite authors were there one night," he said recently. "Guedalla, Maurois, uh, Walter Millis—who the hell was the fourth?" Robert Moses, a man who does not possess a tailcoat, nevertheless dropped in on these evenings occasional-

ly. "Joe stands at the junction where society, politics, and business meet," he once remarked cautiously, "and there is always a good deal of confusion at such intersections."

BALDWIN's policy of brightening things up is long-standing. Some thirty years ago, when he was a student at St. Paul's, a fire drove the boys out of his dormitory late at night. Baldwin made his exit, after a brief but noticeable delay, wearing white tie and tails. "Dress for the occasion," he explained. As an undergraduate at Harvard, he invested his dormitory room with more than normal cheer by furnishing it with a thick carpet, paintings, elegant furniture, and shaded lamps. His greatest accomplishment in applying the festive touch under difficult conditions, however, was to brighten up the last war. He enlisted in the Navy in April, 1917, when he was a freshman; nine months later he persuaded Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, to transfer him to the Army, on the ground that he was seasick all the time and wanted to see more action than he had seen as a member of a submarine-chaser crew patrolling the Atlantic coast. He arrived in France as a private in the 305th Infantry of the 77th Division and was sent to the part of the front near the Belgian border held by the English, where he was billeted in a barn. He gathered some boards and a ladder and built a nest for himself in the rafters, and soon made it more presentable by putting jars of wild flowers in the corners. His privacy was so complete that he was able to have the mumps there without being disturbed; when a doctor arrived, Baldwin simply yelled down that he had a bad cold, thus avoiding quarantine. Later in the war, Baldwin was sent to an officers' school at Langres. He rented an apartment, arranged to have a tub of ice cream delivered to him once a week, and entertained lavishly. There he also formed the Lapin Club, which met for the purpose of eating rabbits. His father, a man of means, kept him supplied with expensive Havana cigars throughout the war, and Baldwin pressed these on his superior officers. Thanks also to his father, Baldwin had, as long as he was in military service, a letter of credit on Morgan, Harjes. He never used it

until the war was over, but it helped him brighten up the first few months after the armistice, first with the Army of Occupation in Coblenz, and then, after collapsing with a temperature of 106, as a convalescent at Nantes. There he took an apartment, hired a car and chauffeur, gave dinner parties, and went to the opera.

Baldwin tends to talk about the last war in a way which gives the impression that he was a figure of fun at best and a fear-ridden tailor's dummy at worst. When he got his commission, in the 39th Infantry of the 4th Division, from the school at Langres, he ordered, he says, an expensive and eccentric uniform and a locker trunk marked "Second Lieutenant Joseph Clark Baldwin III." "Then I sat down on the wet stencil," the routine Baldwin account goes, "and got 'Second Lieutenant' on the seat of my pants. We were to go over the top the next morning. And I was scared. As a private, you know, I had never had to go out *first*. My commanding officer told me to take off all insignia of rank. I said, 'I can't take off my pants.' 'O.K., you can keep your pants on,' he said, 'but don't turn around.'" Another reminiscence has to do with the time he was instructed to take what he thought were important sealed orders from British field headquarters to American field headquarters. "There was this cab horse with a docked tail," Baldwin

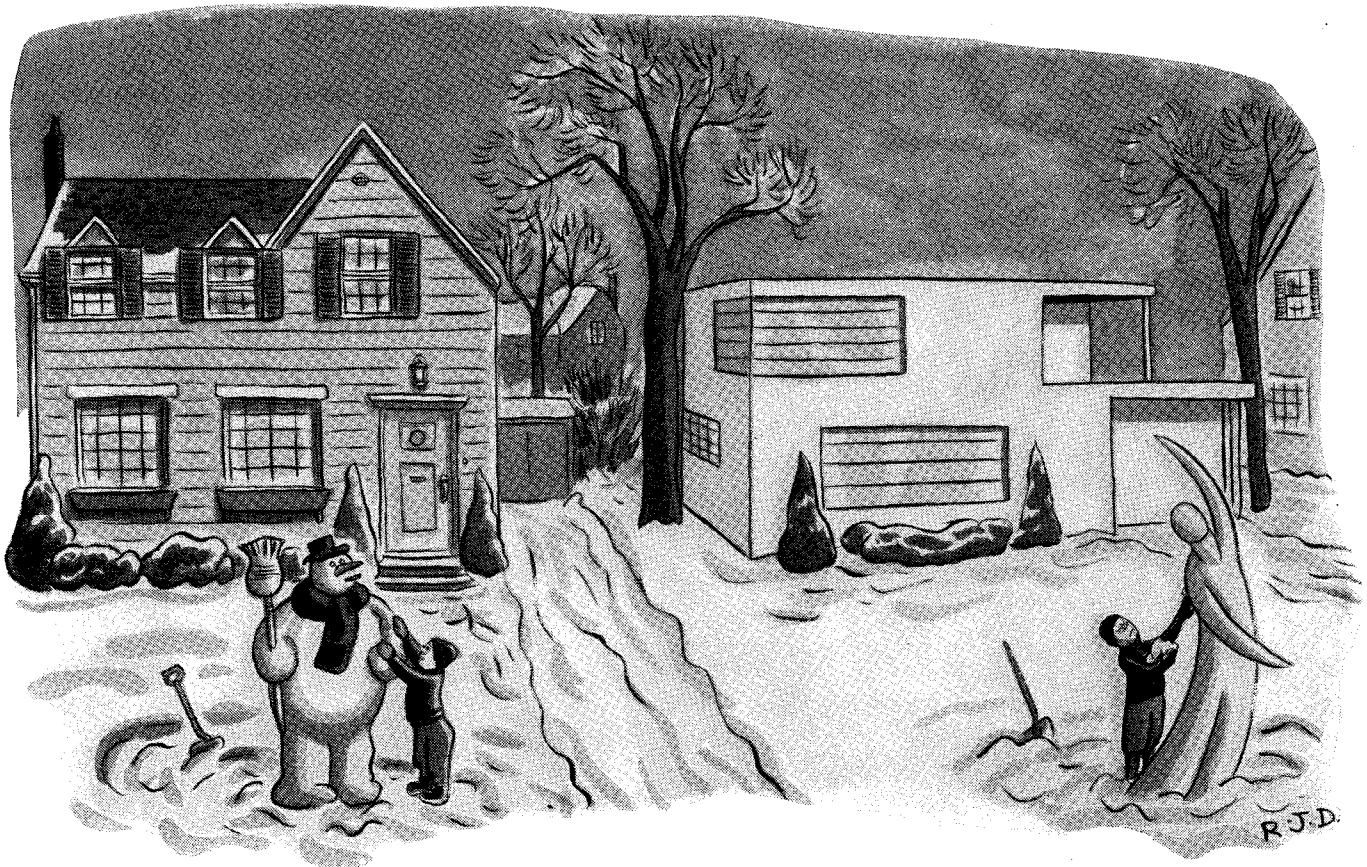
says. "I rode horseback from eleven at night till four in the morning, through wooded territory punctuated with gun flashes, and delivered the envelope. After a good night's rest, I came down at noon the next day, expecting to be decorated. The colonel to whom the message was delivered read it to me: 'The forage which you ordered will be delivered next week.' As for the envelope, it had just got stuck in a rain-storm; it wasn't really officially sealed at all."

Baldwin's retrospective musical-comedy approach to his experiences in the war is misleading. They were not invariably amusing. He served in a machine-gun company in the 39th Infantry and was gassed at the Battle of the Argonne. In October, 1918, he wrote this letter to his sister Fanny, now Mrs. Edwin D. Morgan:

Well, angel face, a great deal has happened since I last wrote, and I've had some experiences which heretofore I thought occurred only in storybooks and newspapers. We went "over the top" in one of the greatest battles in history the day after I joined my regiment and that I'm here to tell the tale is due only to the grace of God. I am now in a machine-gun company, as you know, and had a platoon of perfectly wonderful men to lead over, so I was really very well fixed. My regiment did something that four regiments before it had failed to do, something which was a hope rather than a possibility—in short, it accomplished the impossible and is

to be cited (it already has been twice). Of course, I am fearfully proud.

Another time I was caught on a hillside with my platoon by an enemy trench-mortar bombardment. It really was ghastly. My orders were to stay and hold, so I couldn't move, but I scattered the men as much as possible, and lay low, and prayed. The hillside was wooded, and the Germans were only a short ways off in the valley. I thought that if we remained absolutely quiet the enemy would think we'd beat it and cease firing. However, the first one of my men to get hit was a panicky sort of cuss, and no sooner had a shell landed near him than he started screaming at a terrible rate. The Boche then of course knew he was on the right trail and pounded away at a terrific pace. The next shell landed some four feet away from me. Three of us were together, and the man on my right was killed almost instantly—he was blasted away from his hips down and retained consciousness long enough to raise himself on his hands and cry, "Mother, Mother, Mother. Oh Lord Jesus Christ!" when he fell over dead. The shell had burst so near me that it had stunned me for a few moments, burning my face and making my cheek and lips bleed, but I soon was all right, and it was a good thing, for the wounded began to crawl up to me, asking for first aid and seeking the mental protection that men always seem to find in being close to their officer—their leader. The next shell to explode near me was on my left, and I'd just thanked God that it had been no nearer when the man lying with me on my left side—a "noncom" and my second-in-command—looked up and said very quietly, "Both my feet are gone, Lieutenant!" I thought he was fooling, and cried, "For God's sake, don't joke,





"No, no, Murphy! You haven't quite got the idea."

A—"!" when I looked over, and, sure enough, one of his feet was hanging by his shoe laces and the other by little more. God, he was wonderful! Not a murmur, and as calm as a cucumber, when he must have been suffering the most intense agony. He set such a wonderful example that the other wounded quieted down at once, and before long the Boche quit the bombardment, thinking, no doubt, he'd gotten rid of us. I made rough splints and bandaged up Corporal A—and the others and sent them back on stretchers, after which we proceeded on our way. But, believe me, I spent an uncomfortable half-hour in that wretched woods.

IN conversation Baldwin rarely refers to the harsher aspects of his war days, or the harsher aspects of anything else. His inclination to add a touch of elegance to everything, from dormitory life to two world wars, is probably the natural result of a childhood spent in an atmosphere of feudal luxury and privacy. He was born in January, 1897, in his family's house on West Tenth Street; his early years were passed chiefly at Shallow Brook, his father's extensive country place at Mt. Kisco, complete with footmen and an organ played once a week by Archer Gibson. Until Baldwin entered St. Paul's, at the age of twelve, he was educated at home by his mother, an alert,

handsome, and outspoken individual who follows his career with proprietary interest. Baldwin is the eldest of nine children, all of whom were brought up to be Episcopalians and foxhunters and in the belief that in any gathering, large or small, no Baldwin could do better than to talk to another Baldwin. This clannish spirit has never weakened. Two of Baldwin's brothers, Alexander and Peter, are now in the Army Air Forces and far from home, so he is temporarily out of touch with them, but he still sees a lot of his brother Mike, christened Ian, who is in business in New York, and of his five sisters—Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Baldwin Landon, Mrs. Waring Gillespie, Mrs. Baldwin Preston, and Mrs. James Paul Warburg. The last two are twins and so nearly identical that once Baldwin, who was to meet Mrs. Warburg on a street corner and take her to lunch, instead picked up Mrs. Preston, who happened to be strolling by, and got through his soup before he looked up and said, "My God, you're not Phyllis!"

Baldwin's father, the late Joseph Clark Baldwin, Jr., was president of the United Dyewood Corporation, a holding company interested in a number of firms manufacturing vegetable dyes and

extracts used in dyeing, tanning, and textile printing. He was a robust and flamboyant practical joker who was reliably reputed to be worth \$9,000,000, and his personality was both a stimulus and a burden to his eldest son, who, though he bore the name of Joseph Clark Baldwin III, had a boyish ambition to be known as something besides Joe Baldwin's son. At St. Paul's, where his father had been a famous athlete, Joe, who was not, sought and acquired considerable attention among his schoolmates by his ability to draw and write with both hands and both feet simultaneously.

After the hiatus in his life caused by the war, Baldwin returned to Harvard, his horizon enlarged by his experiences, with a vague interest in politics. In 1921, a year after he had graduated, he got a job as a political reporter on the *New York Tribune*. Subsequently, in order to avoid commuting from home, he switched to the *North Westchester Times*, the local paper, to which he contributed editorials, society news, fashion articles, and book reviews. Around this time he also became president of the North Westchester Coolidge Club. Baldwin attributes his interest in politics to the war, which he says shook ten thousand yards of lace out of his pants, and to the example of his father, who had made a brief essay at public life as State Commissioner of Charities.

While convalescing at Nantes, Baldwin had met and courted a French girl, Marthe Guillon-Verne, a grandniece of Jules Verne. After he returned to this country, he pursued his suit by mail and on visits to Europe for three summers. In 1923 he married her in Paris. The Baldwins lived first at the family home in Mt. Kisco and later moved to Manhattan. Joe's father, in a creditable effort to make a tenth million so he could leave one to each of his children and his wife, began to lose money on a sensational scale three or four years before the depression. Joe went to work in a brokerage office, since brokerage in those days was a far more likely source of income than the newspaper business for men who had gone to St. Paul's and Harvard. Later in the twenties he became an assistant vice-president of the Murray Hill Trust Company. Meanwhile he had been active in the Republican Club of the Fifteenth Assembly District, first as a district lieutenant and then as a captain. Before long his superiors in the bank told him that he was spending too much time on politics. They gave him the choice of abandoning his public activities and getting a

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Transportation is our business as well as our duty—and we want you to know that every railroad man worthy of the name has his heart in his job.

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raise, or leaving. Baldwin left. He joined the insurance firm of Dunn & Fowler, as a vice-president—which he still is—and in March, 1929, when Ruth Pratt, the only Republican on the Board of Aldermen, became a congressman, he was elected to take her place.

AT first as the sole Republican, and later as one of four Party members, on a board containing sixty-one Democrats, Baldwin held a position that was not only distinguished but eventually remunerative, since in 1930 he was elected minority leader of the board, a post which paid \$7,500 a year instead of the ordinary alderman's \$5,000. He quickly began to introduce a cultivated note into the board meetings. Removing his shoes and socks before his astonished colleagues, he wrote his name and drew pictures with both hands and both feet, and passed them around among the gathering. Naturally, most of the measures he proposed were defeated, and one day, when the board offered to pass a very unimportant bill he had sponsored, he rose and observed, "*Ti-meo Danaos et dona ferentes.*" Joseph E. Kinsley, an alderman with whom Baldwin frequently exchanged insults, jumped up and said, "Mr. President, what did he call us?" "Only just Greeks," said Baldwin.

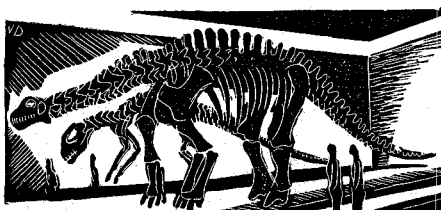
Baldwin consistently opposed Tammany extravagance and chicanery. In April, 1930, he introduced a resolution demanding that Mayor Walker dismiss William E. Walsh, chairman of the Board of Standards and Appeals, on the ground that this board had so grossly abused its powers that Walsh's political support of Walker was likely to "cause public suspicion to extend to the administration itself." Baldwin's resolution, which ascribed to Walsh the statement "There is a sense of larceny in us all," was defeated by a vote of sixty-one to three, but Walsh was subsequently indicted on several charges by both the New York County and federal grand juries and in June he resigned. In August, Baldwin failed, by another vote of sixty-one to three, to get a delay of action on a Board of Estimate bill providing for salary increases of \$519,000 for some two hundred city officials, including himself. Then he wrote to Governor Roosevelt demanding that he investigate the Mayor's office. This led to the Seabury investigation, Walker's resignation under fire, and ultimately the election of LaGuardia.

According to some students of municipal politics, Baldwin did not really cash in on what he had done to assist in

the downfall of Tammany Hall. In the summer of 1933, they point out, Baldwin was a logical candidate to lead the growing Fusion movement, and might well have run for Mayor. Just as deliberations toward putting a ticket together got under way, Baldwin went to France, where he took a château for the summer. Newbold Morris is one of those who regard this move as far from astute. His opinion, however, may be prejudiced. Shortly before Baldwin's departure, Baldwin and Morris and Clendenin Ryan opened a restaurant in the East Eighties called the Three Musketeers Tavern, the profits of which, it was publicly announced, were to be earmarked for the benefit of the unemployed. Baldwin came around the day the eating house was to open and spent several hours planting petunias and begonias in the garden back of the restaurant. That evening Baldwin set up drinks on the house for all the guests. "Have one on the house," he kept saying, while Morris looked on darkly. Baldwin went abroad to his château soon after, Ryan went to Alaska, and Morris, a Scroll and Key man from Yale who had never run a restaurant in his life, was left in charge. Upon his return late in August, Baldwin pitched in and greeted arriving friends at the Three Musketeers nearly every night until, a few weeks later, it closed forever. The restaurant failed to yield any profit for the unemployed, but Baldwin feels that it was a useful philanthropic venture. "We employed several unemployed waiters," he has said.

Baldwin was reelected to the Board of Aldermen that fall. LaGuardia's Fusion administration replaced Tammany, and now Baldwin belonged to an enlarged minority of sixteen. Next summer he resigned to run for the State Senate from the Seventeenth Senatorial District. The New Deal was at its height; Moses, running for Governor against Herbert Lehman, lost by 800,000 votes, but Baldwin, who is an engaging and rather convincing speaker, was elected.

AS a state senator, Baldwin received only \$2,500 a year, but he had to be in Albany only the first four or five months of the year, and then for not



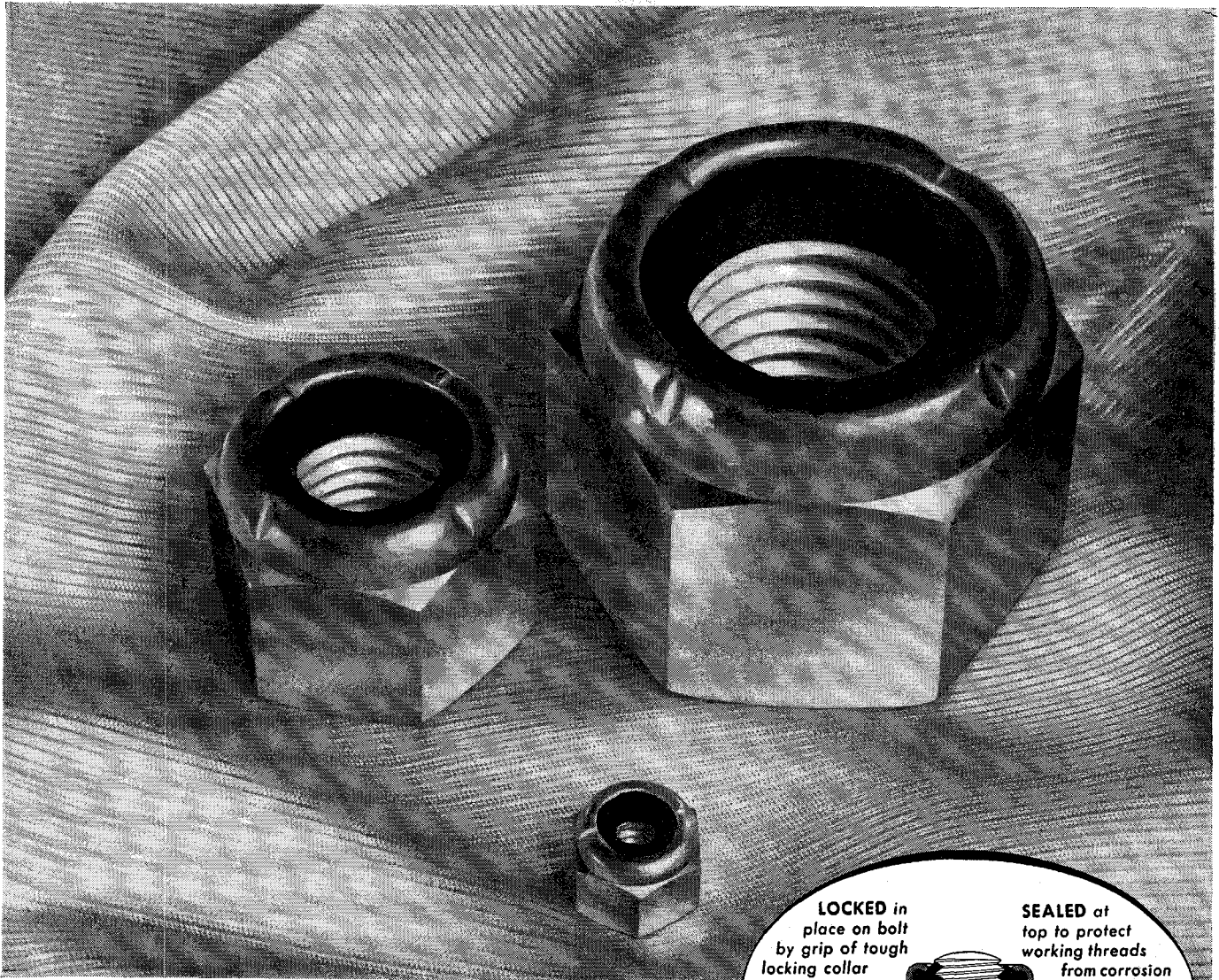
more than a day or two a week. To improve his finances and keep his soirées off the borrowed-cheese standard, he decided to augment his earnings by starting a public-relations business. One of his earliest clients was the French Line. In the spring of 1935, when the Normandie was about to come here on her maiden voyage, officials of the company took up with Baldwin the question of what celebrities would best adorn the incoming vessel. They suggested various French political figures. "My God, no!" said the Senator. "Not while Congress is discussing the French war debt. Bring over the wife of the President. No one can pin anything on her." Chivalry won the day and Mme. Albert Lebrun came over. Baldwin promoted and presided at a ten-dollar-a-head dinner in her honor at the Waldorf, at which no mention of the debt was made, and presented her with a silver cigarette case engraved with a likeness of the Manhattan skyline. The next year President Lebrun made Baldwin an Officer of the Legion of Honor for his "friendship to France in war and peace."

Baldwin's public-relations clients at one time or another have also included Macy's, Brooks Brothers, the Junior League, the National Institute of Arts and Letters, the World's Fair, and Lord & Taylor. Some of these interests have occasionally dovetailed rather neatly. In the fall of 1939, for example, when French longshoremen went on strike and refused to unload foreign steamers, American longshoremen showed a sympathetic disinclination to unload French steamers. The Champlain was on her way with a consignment of Christmas champagne for Macy's, and Percy Straus, president of the store, anxiously summoned Baldwin for a consultation. Baldwin encouraged him to take a long-range view of things. He persuaded the French Line not to force the issue and to send the Champlain back to France with its cargo still aboard. According to Baldwin, the French dock workers were so pleased by this oblique gesture on their behalf that the strike was called off and a general strike in France averted. Before Christmas a second French boat arrived and was peacefully allowed to unload another consignment of wine for Macy's.

Baldwin's activities in the interest of his public-relations clients are not always as definite as that, and he is not inclined to give away secrets of the trade.

"What do you do for your clients, Joe?" an old classmate once asked him.

"Oh, everything," said Baldwin. "Take care of their distinguished visi-



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A nut is a fastening.

Its purpose is to hold things together.

If it loosens, breaks or slips under strain, stress or vibration, it fails in its purpose.

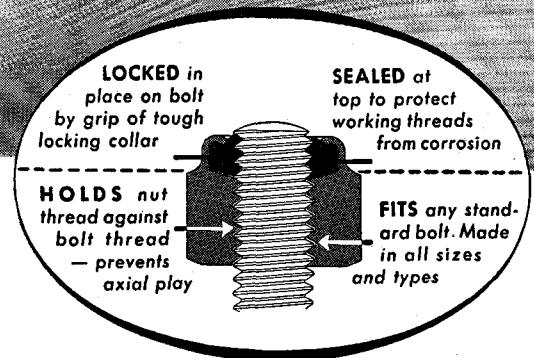
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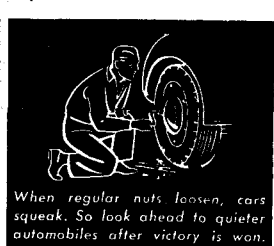
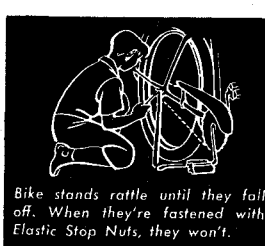
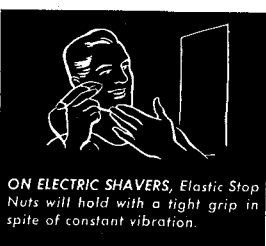


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tors, settle their industrial disputes, and so on."

"How do you do that?" his friend asked, with Harvard persistence.

"Why, I get both sides together," said Baldwin. "I just tell them to get together, and they get together." His friend looked puzzled.

"I believe public relations have nothing to do with publicity," Baldwin continued. "You simply create a situation which will be favorable to your client if there should happen to be any publicity." Baldwin's ability to create favorable situations nets him between forty and fifty thousand dollars annually when business is good.

One of Baldwin's first brightening-up acts as a state senator was to appoint Winston Guest, a fellow-member of the Racquet Club, his legislative assistant. Accompanied by Guest and other fashionable cronies, he would turn up in Albany wearing a derby and a red carnation and exuding an aura of such stately splendor that at least one observer remarked, "He moves around like a king." As the only representative of the Fusion administration in the legislature, he was LaGuardia's spokesman in that body. He voted for, and in some instances sponsored legislation for, unemployment insurance, social security, budget economy, low-cost housing, and medical aid to hard-of-hearing school-children. The most ambitious bill he introduced, one which aimed to take from the state and give to New York City full control of the municipal Board of Education's finances and of policemen's and firemen's salaries, was defeated. So was Baldwin when he ran for reelection in 1936. However, in 1937, running on the Republican-Fusion ticket, he was elected to the City Council, the successor of the abolished Board of Aldermen. He celebrated his triumph by attending the fifty-third annual opening of the Metropolitan Opera as Mrs. Vanderbilt's escort, thus creating a situation favorable to himself which happened to be thoroughly reported and illustrated in the tabloid press.

After the comparative quiet of Albany, Baldwin sank happily back into the vituperative chaos of municipal politics. The new council had not been in session three weeks before Councilman Charles E. Keegan, a Bronx Democrat, irritated by something Baldwin had said, bounded out of his swivel chair and told him, "Your attack on Justice McGeehan is a sneaky, slimy, snaky way to smear a man's reputation, and you should . . . crawl over there and beg his humble pardon." "Like to see me write

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Additional Amusement Advertising on page 46

parties, striped trousers, the society of the rich and titled, and pomp and circumstance in general is the natural attribute of a man who is born to wealth and in love with tradition but who has had to get along on his charm, his contacts, and his wits. His dudishness, and even his practical jokes, they say, are simply the inherited paraphernalia of an old-school clubman; behind the disguise of these fripperies is a man of strong fibre, shrewd, warm-hearted, and with the nerve of a confident gambler. "Joe has one flag and that's the Racquet Club flag, and he's kept that flag flying," a friend of the Congressman observed the other night, summing up matters to his wife. "His manner is an act. He's a man of considerable good will." The summer-up's wife, a lady who had once been a victim of the mashed-potatoes trick, said she didn't know one way or the other about that. "I do know, though," she said, "that if there were a revolution, it wouldn't be six months before Joe would have finagled a butler."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(This is the second of two articles on Representative Baldwin.)

WARTIME WINTER

Wartime winter cannot know
Anything as soft as snow.

On occasion mica sifts
From a sieve to lie in drifts.

Zinc is clamped on country ponds,
Furrowed field is cast in bronze.

Bird on bough is lump of lead,
Sun turns copper overhead.

Steel-wool clouds solidify
As they buff the metal sky.

Bleak the light reflected in
Eaves-drip dagger sheathed in tin.

Set at zero, nature can
Be implacable as man,

Who, onrushing, leaves a track
In the hoarfrost, iron-black.

—MILDRED WESTON

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are frameless, without nose pieces, unbreakable,
can't be seen and still give you maximum, corrected
vision. Recommended by leading medical
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3 times	\$ 49.	\$ 98.	\$147.
6 times	92.	184.	276.
10 times	143.	286.	429.
13 times	173.	346.	519.

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THE NEW YORKER

25 W. 43rd St.

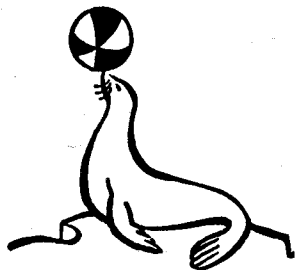
BRyant 9-6300



Now when thrift's first name is quality—it's a comfort to know that precious pure-wool Botany fashions are still available. Look for the Botany label in fine stores everywhere.

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS • PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY

Fabrics for Women's and Men's Wear • Pola Stout Designs • Yarns • Ties • Robes • Lanolin Beauty Aids



GONE TODAY... HERE TOMORROW

If you are unable to get Carstairs White Seal whiskey today...you'll likely find it at your favorite bar or package store tomorrow. Increased demand—plus the fact that our distilleries are 100% in war production—has made it impossible to fill *all* of the orders *all* of the time. But we're doing our best—so please bear with us. And we know Carstairs' friends would prefer to have a little of the Perfectly Balanced Blend rather than a flood of something less.

THE MAN WHO CARES SAYS: CARSTAIRS

BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. 72% Grain Neutral Spirits
Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

LETTER FROM LONDON

FEBRUARY 28 (BY CABLE)



THE Tunisian setback, while it lasted, provided a sharp and useful lesson in Anglo-American relations. The first news that things were not going so well as they might was received here

with much the same reaction one noted back in the days of the bad blitzes, when the inhabitants of any frequently visited town, hearing that some previously unscathed neighborhood had caught a packet from the bombers, would shake their heads and say, "So poor old So-and-so got it badly last night. Now they know what it's all about, the poor devils. Well, well, they'll soon get onto it." Recently this country, which has had its share of setbacks in the past, has been not unrelieved to find itself in the novel situation of being able to sit back and wag its head over the troubles of the folks across the way.

What has most impressed people is the tone of the American correspondents' dispatches from Tunisia, some of which have trickled into the London papers. These have been a fine corrective to any lurking suspicions that, while British military reverses get a bully ragging from the United States press, American dittos would be handled a good deal more tenderly. To find that this isn't the case has avoided what could have been a potent cause of Anglo-American unfriendliness and has made the relief with which the Allies' recovery was hailed a particularly friendly and delightful feeling. Indeed, the only danger now would seem to be that in the general lifting of spirits people may get the idea that all the troubles in North Africa have been permanently fixed, even though Englishmen have better reason than most to remember that cheering over good news from there may sometimes turn out to be slightly premature.

MEANWHILE, national concern has been concentrated on Downing Street. The first admission in the bulletins on the Premier that pneumonia was his latest enemy only confirmed the worst fears of countless Englishmen, who remain perfectly calm when this valuable export goes skipping about the continents but have the fright of their



"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN READING MY PAPER"

said the Great Big Bear in his great, rough, gruff voice

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN READING MY PAPER"

said the Middle-Sized Bear in his
middle-sized voice

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN READING MY PAPER"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear
in his little, small, wee voice

"AND WE KNOW JUST HOW MUCH"



RIGHT NOW, there are a great many Goldilocks and their mothers and fathers whose living interest and curiosity in the world at war and at home are causing them to read newspapers more than ever before. BUT, exactly how well read are these newspapers? And, which papers are read more than others? Those are important questions. The answers, once found, make the advertising man's media selection job as simple as A B C. For it is obvious that your advertising story will be *better read* in the *best read* newspaper.

As publishers of a newspaper, we tell an advertiser how many men and women read that newspaper. And we tell the advertiser where those men and women live, how much rent they pay, how many oil burners, electric refrigerators and automobiles they own. But isn't it just as important — if not *more* important — for that advertiser to know *how well* read our newspaper is?

If that *is* important — and we think it is — we've got a story to tell. For L. M. Clark, Inc. — the people who make a business of studying and analyzing newspaper readership across the country — found THE BOSTON GLOBE to be the most thoroughly read standard-size newspaper of 23 surveyed in 11 major American markets (2 papers in Boston, 21 others in 10 other cities). In fact, the Clark surveys — made between January 1939 and June 1942 — found THE BOSTON GLOBE *first* in Boston and *first* in the Nation, in "Reader Traffic" and in "Reader Observation per 100 Lines of Advertising."

Are you interested, for instance, in the fact that L. M. Clark, Inc. found a higher "Observation per 100 Lines of

National Advertising" figure for women readers of THE BOSTON GLOBE than for women readers of *any* of the other newspaper studied — 5 per cent higher than that of the other Boston paper covered by the survey?

Are you interested, for instance, in the fact that L. M. Clark, Inc. found a higher "Observation per 100 Lines of Retail Advertising" figure for women readers of THE BOSTON GLOBE than for women readers of *any* of the other newspapers studied — 18 per cent higher than that of the other Boston newspaper covered by the survey?

If you'd like to know more about these Clark Studies, phone or write the office nearest you among those listed below. And, if you haven't seen a copy of "*Confessions of America's Most Exasperating Newspaper — According to the Research of L. M. Clark, Inc.*," we'd be glad to send you one. May we?

The Boston Globe

MORNING • EVENING • SUNDAY

JOHN B. WOODWARD, INC.
110 East 42nd Street
New York, New York
Ashland 4-2770

Russ Building
San Francisco, California
Exbrook 2164

Park Central Building
Los Angeles, California
Van Dike 3782

OSBORN, SCOLARO, MEEKER &
CO.
36 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
State 4107

General Motors Building
Detroit, Michigan
Trinity 2-7810

C. A. COUR
Globe-Democrat Building
St. Louis, Missouri
Garfield 1212

Your Advertising Story will be BETTER READ in the BEST READ Newspaper

Because of a change
in blending practice

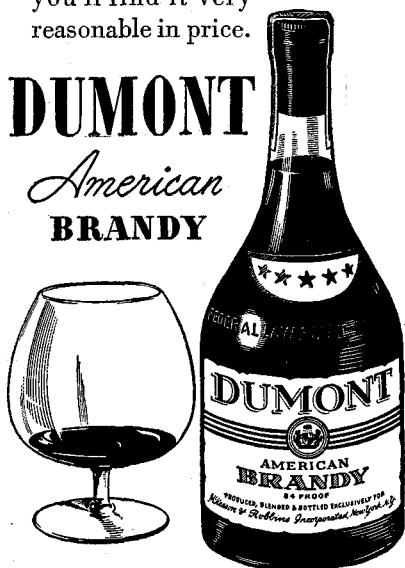
America
can now enjoy
Brandy
equal to the
**FINEST
FRENCH
COGNAC**

Formerly, American grape brandy couldn't compare with French cognac, because it wasn't produced the same way.

But that is all changed now. Several fine brandies are blended in Dumont—each selected to lend its own particular character to the whole. The result is truly magnificent brandy, produced by the same method always used in Cognac, France.

You'll find Dumont at better bars and liquor stores. Compare it with your fondest memories of Cognac brandy... and you'll find it very reasonable in price.

DUMONT
American
BRANDY



84 PROOF • PRODUCED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED
FOR McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK

lives when they learn that he's home in bed with a steam kettle. The *Times* has been publishing in adjoining columns daily bulletins on the health of those two highly dissimilar invalids, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Gandhi, about whose survival the Empire has equally good cause for feeling prayerful. Many Britons apparently don't consider the reasons for detaining the Mahatma very sound, but on the whole opinion seems to be unhappily certain that the government of India was on a spot where it couldn't well have acted otherwise.

Though the Indian situation naturally continues to be one of the most popular weapons in the Goebbels propaganda armory, it looks as though the Nazis' old Bolshevik-menace blunderbuss, which was recently brought down from the top shelf and dusted off, is going to be a big disappointment; most of the British Government speakers at the Red Army Day celebrations last Sunday referred to it witheringly. The speeches were part of a vast program including an Albert Hall pageant, called "Salute to the Red Army" and composed by Louis MacNeice, with lots of symphony orchestras and Guards' bands to provide the sound effects. The Soviet flag flew gaily in the calm Sabbath air over a number of cities, whose honest bourgeoisie were as pleased to tip their hats to it as they would have been surprised to see it there three years ago. There's no doubt at all about what the British think of the Russians, however difficult it may be to discover what the Russians think of the British. Londoners have seemed particularly pleased about the sword of honor which is to be presented to Stalingrad and which will almost certainly be the work of the famous eighty-four-year-old swordsmith Tom Beasley, who once made, among other notable blades, a flaming "Gar-



AT THE
**DOROTHY GRAY
SALON**

● "Beauty-in-a-Nutshell"—A war time self-improvement course concentrated into two weeks or at your convenience. Works little wonders for your face and body! Includes 5 Face or Body Treatments (or combinations); restyled hair-do; lessons in exercise, posture, grace, make-up and \$5 worth of individually chosen Dorothy Gray preparations for home use. Day sessions, by appointment. Course, \$25.00.

SALON: 683 Fifth Avenue... New York City
WICKERSHAM 2-6109—Ask for "Appointment Desk"

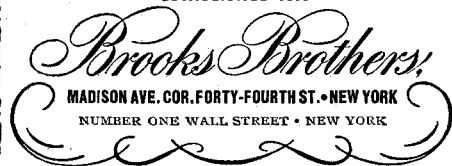


COLLAR-ATTACHED SHIRTS

\$4 to \$14

Sixth Floor Shop Shirts, \$2.75 and \$3

ESTABLISHED 1818



**NEW YORK'S
MOST POPULAR
VERMOUTH**

**G&D
AMERICAN
VERMOUTH**

GAMBARELLI & DAVITTO • New York

den of Eden" sword for Emperor Haile Selassie.

NOW that the smoke of battle has cleared away from the Houses of Parliament, the debate on the Beveridge Report turns out to have been a complete disappointment. No doubt the Government has gone a long way toward accepting the Report's basic proposals, but it was unfortunate in its choice of spokesman, for Sir John Anderson's cautious concessions sounded to many Britons, digesting them with next morning's porridge, about as inspiring as an income-tax form. Matters were not notably improved by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who took on the unhappy task of trying to evade the sniping of the Socialist benches in front of him and of the more progressive members of his own party behind him. The most encouraging result of the debate in Commons was the action of an important group of young Conservatives, who came out hot and strong for Beveridge's ideas, undiluted and with no delays. In the subsequent House of Lords' debate, the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke up for the immediate creation of a Ministry of Social Security, thus assuming the rôle of a Christian martyr thrown among well-born lions, most of whom have derived their present position from the kind of social inequality which the Beveridge proposals aim at reducing. The Lords, however, with a nod toward *noblesse oblige*, came out almost unanimously for a Ministry of Social Security to cope with preparations for postwar activation of the Beveridge scheme and to save it from disappearing into the boundless hinterland of committees and sub-committees. Considering the polite Government evasions, it's hard to say what the Lords, or the great bulk of the British people waiting patiently outside Westminster, are going to get.

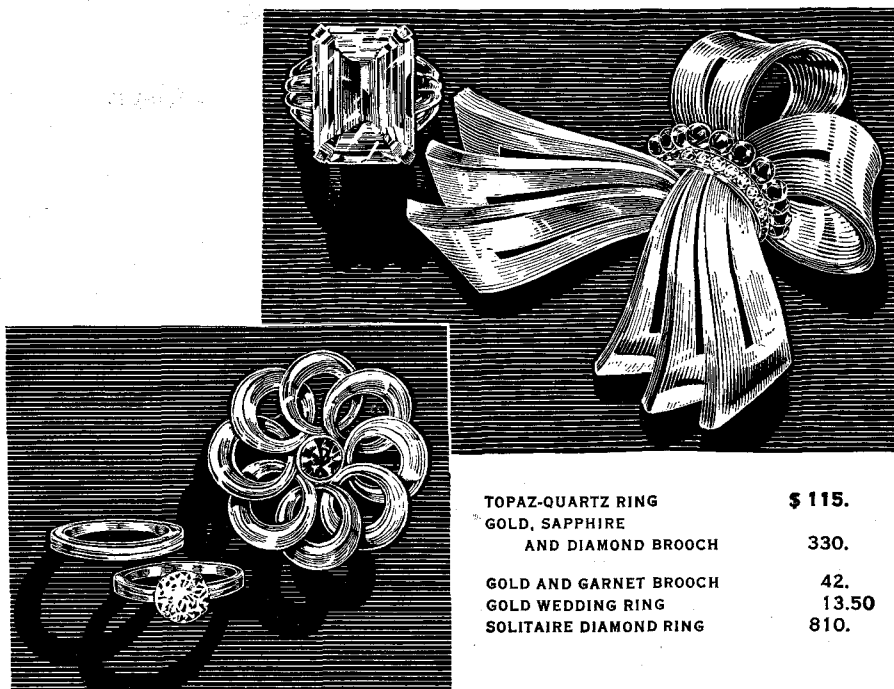
Sir William Beveridge was a spectator at both debates. He must have gone through all the emotions of a playwright sitting in at rehearsals and hearing the management toy with the notion of abandoning the production of what could be the hit of the century.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

The bride wore a white wool winter dress and had a corsage of American Beauty rose buds, dwarf pom pom chrysanthemums and white uniform.

The groom wore his U. S. navy snapdragons.—*Falls City (Nebr.) Journal.*

Very pretty little wedding.



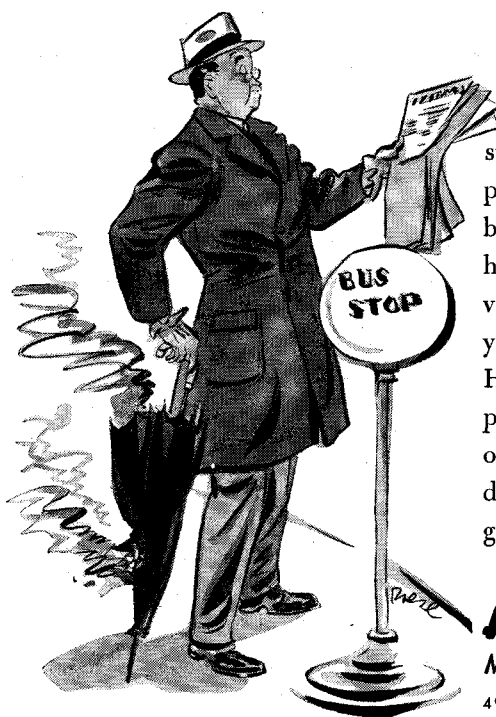
TOPAZ-QUARTZ RING	\$ 115.
GOLD, SAPPHIRE AND DIAMOND BROOCH	330.
GOLD AND GARNET BROOCH	42.
GOLD WEDDING RING	13.50
SOLITAIRE DIAMOND RING	810.

DIAMONDS OF FINE COLOR AND BRILLIANCY
A WIDE SELECTION OF SMART GOLD JEWELRY

TIFFANY & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET NEW YORK

Serenely complacent, but...



Strange things can happen to coverage in these swift-moving days. And the price of your unconcern may be a heavy loss. It pays to have a competent broker survey your risks and arrange your insurance coverage. He'll know about Atlantic's policyholder advantages—our profit-sharing dividends, our prompt, ungrudging loss settlements.

ATLANTIC

Mutual Insurance Company

49 WALL STREET • NEW YORK

THE DETENTION OF KRAUSS

EVERYONE on our block knew that Krauss, or the man I'll call Krauss, who lives next door to me, fifth-floor back, had been picked up as a German alien on some suspicion or other and had been held on Ellis Island for several months, but almost everyone pretended not to know. During that period, we all greeted his wife merrily when we met her shopping and we crossed the street to pat the Krauss children on the head. No one ever mentioned Ellis Island. Suddenly we got word that he had been tried and had received a clean bill of health.

The other night, when the Krausses dropped in on my wife and me after dinner, we all chatted away as if he'd just been out of town on one of his periodic trips for his company. We acted glad to see him back, but we asked no questions. Perhaps Krauss would never have brought up the subject of Ellis Island had my wife not made some idle remark about the rising cost of food. Or perhaps he was just waiting for the excuse to talk. After all, he had been away for almost half a year and he had a lot on his mind.

"There's one thing we always knew when I was down on Ellis Island," Krauss said, obviously assuming that there was no secret about where he had been. "We always knew the current price of butter and eggs. Our wives were allowed to visit us once a week, and every time, right after they'd left, a bunch of us would gather in the big meeting room for coffee and a cigar and every man would start right out by telling the others the price of butter and eggs in his neighborhood. Once our wives had kissed us, all they wanted to tell us about was the high cost of living back home. Down there on the island we knew what eggs cost in Rochester and in Boston and on Staten Island and up in Westport. That didn't interest me much, but when they put the price of my pet cigars up half a penny on the island, I complained. I really didn't have anything to complain about, because the same cigars were selling for a lot more over on the mainland. No tax or something on federal property, I guess, and Ellis Island is federal property, like Washington, D. C."

My wife brought in some tea and cake. Krauss, sipping his tea, began to

relax and reminisce. "We used to play cards all the time," he said. "We played poker day and night, but for some reason or other the blackjack game never started until one-thirty in the morning. Both the poker and the blackjack games were big ones, sometimes with more than two thousand dollars in the pot. Of course no one over there ever trusts the other fellow. After the cards for a poker hand are shuffled, the pack is put in the centre of the table and each man draws a card in his turn. No double handling by a dealer. One alien sailor thought he'd been cheated and complained to an Army officer there, and the officer told him that card playing on the island was illegal, so that was that. The sailor had to be content. I don't know if he was cheated or not. It would be possible, because there are so many different kinds of people over there. In peacetime any alien who got out of Sing Sing after serving his term was deported, but deportation is impossible these days and the ex-convicts are detained at Ellis Island. And you don't know who or what a man is. They're just there with you, that's all.

"They have a rule on the island that no one can have more than ten dollars on his person, but I know one man who had ten thousand with him when he came over. He said it was just for an emergency card game. The emergency existed twenty-four hours a day. There's nothing much else to do over there but gamble. There's baseball and some handball and basketball, but gambling's the thing. They even have a bookie. The bookie used to be a writer in Germany, and when he was picked up and taken to the island he had a bank roll with him. And when he saw the others were aching to bet on the horses, he set himself up. He let some others into a bookmaking syndicate for a hundred dollars apiece,

and the profits were split every morning. Remember when Mayor LaGuardia stopped the sale of scratch sheets on the city newsstands? Well, the sale was never stopped on Ellis Island. That's government property and not under LaGuardia's jurisdiction. *Joe and Asbestos* and the *Daily Green Sheet* and the *Daily Racing Form* and the *Morning Telegraph* were always obtainable. Men would study them all night

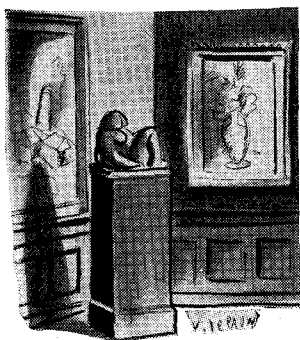
long. I still can't make head or tail out of them myself."

Mrs. KRAUSS said good-naturedly that she was thankful at least that Krauss couldn't understand scratch sheets. Krauss momentarily dropped the subject of gambling. "Right after Pearl Harbor, I understand, the island was full of all sorts of people," he said, "but they've weeded the place out pretty well and most of the eight hundred over there now are either big shots or sailors. Executives or chemists or experts in some line. Potentially dangerous. The sailors are British, French, German, Norwegian, and Swedish. Any alien sailor who is out of work and has no ship is sent there for questioning. Of the eight hundred, about thirty are Japs. Those Japs are the smartest men you ever met. You talk to them a minute or so and you get the feeling that they know everything there is to know about you and that you don't know a damned thing about them. They see right through you. They all speak magnificent English and they all speak perfect German, but at first they always hide the fact that they know German. You really fear them.

"No one at the island liked the Japs at all, but you couldn't deny they were smart. I remember one night when a Frenchman was doing card tricks in the big room and he did an exceptionally difficult one. A thing where the card chosen was found by a mathematical equation. It was baffling how he did it. But two Japs sitting around took out pencils and paper and in five minutes they had the solution and the exact mathematical principles and formulas behind the trick. A clever Dutch engineer, one of the top men in his line, stayed up all night and didn't get the answer until after breakfast. But those Japs! Five minutes, and correctly!

"The Japs were the only ones who kept the bookie from having all the money in the place, too. They always had the long shots. Uncanny people, the Japs. They knew our languages, but we couldn't speak Japanese. Unless some of the F.B.I. men could. You see, there were F.B.I. men scattered among us as observers. You don't know them, and once a roommate I'd had for a month or more left, and one of the guards told me the fellow had been an F.B.I. man on duty. The guard said he'd been damned glad to get out, too. One fellow on the ferry heard a man, evidently an F.B.I. agent, say, 'Well, I did my month over there.'

"You know, when we were first



there, they regimented us pretty much. We had to get up at six in the morning and all that sort of stuff. But recently it's been a lot different. Breakfast at eight forty-five, lunch at noon, and supper at six. If you don't want to get up for breakfast, you can get food later on by paying for it. And if you want to spend the money, you can hire a sort of batman, who will bring it for you. The regular food's good enough, but if a fellow wants something special, he can order it and pay for it. If you want Scotch, you can get it, but it costs about two dollars a bottle more over there than around here. But some men have cases stored in their lockers, and it seemed that almost everyone had a bottle or two. You'd just call on a man and be offered a drink out of his bottle. No ice, though.

"The island is well run. The Army knew enough not to lay down rules that were too strict. They probably realized that regimentation wouldn't work and that we weren't prisoners of war but just suspects who were to be given a fair trial. They don't want to keep anyone there any longer than they have to. They need the space. Every time I read in the papers these days about twenty aliens being picked up in New York City and sent to Ellis Island, I know that twenty were released. There's always the same number of guests."

I got the feeling that Krauss missed the place a little. —CASWELL ADAMS

Magistrate Surpluss exonerated Mr. Robbins of disorderly conduct, declaring: "There is no law that says a citizen must be solicitous of a policeman's feelings."

—*The Times*.

There's no law, but there's an amazing body of opinion.

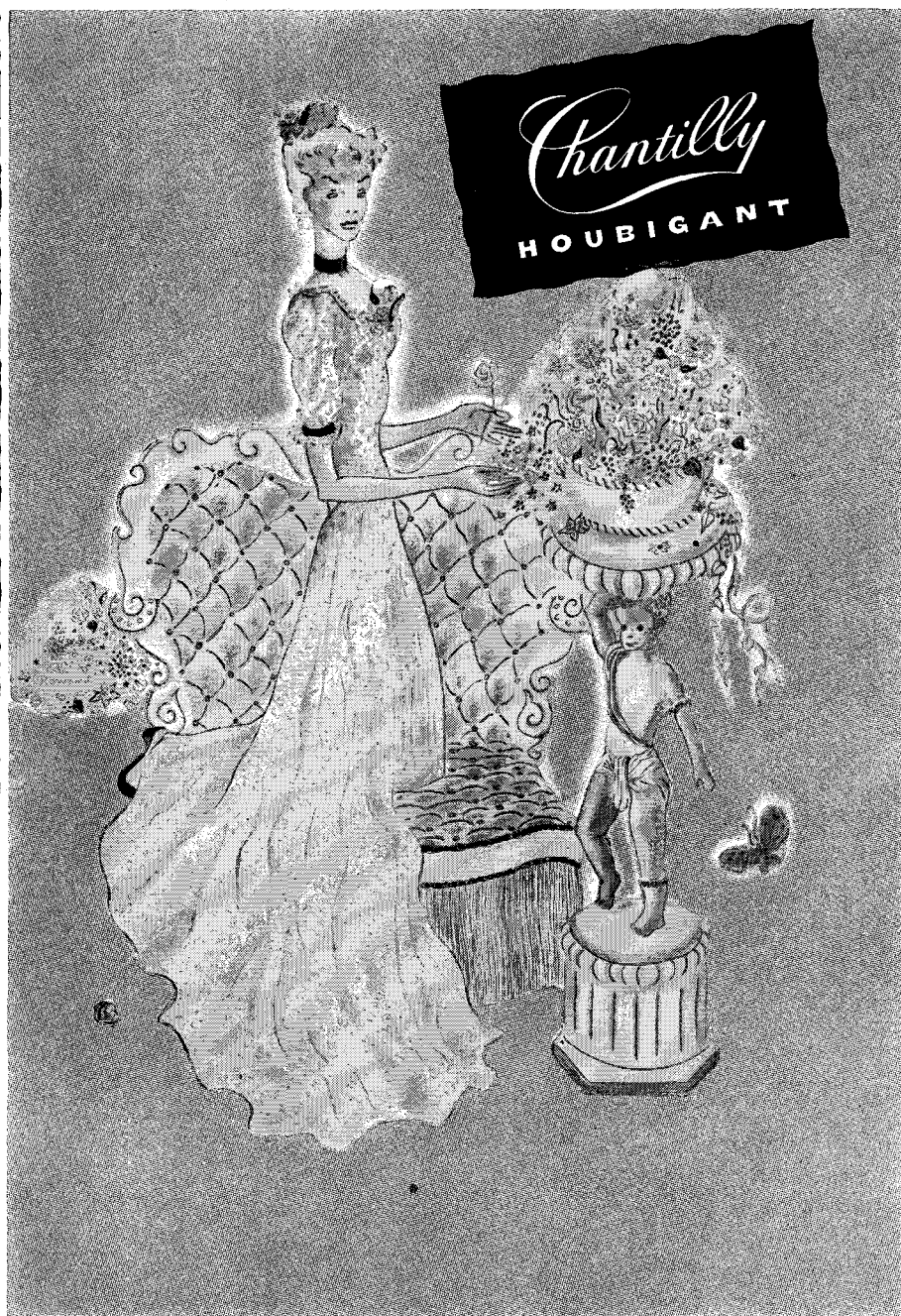
Nature, who sees to everything, saw to it that Gosse should wear a black patch over one eye for several years before his death—just like John Silver.—*From Hugh Walpole's "Henry James: A Reminiscence."*

Didn't wear a crutch, like old Pew, did he?

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

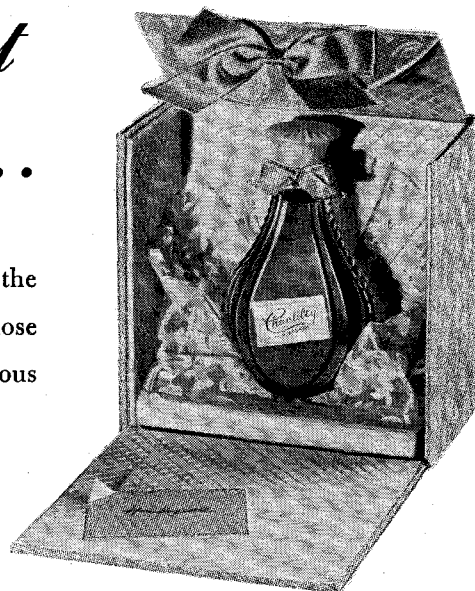
[From "I'll Never Go There Any More," by Jerome Weidman]

The window was flanked by magnificent purple drapes that hung on an elaborate wrought-iron rod molded to represent a line of mermaids following one another with tails touching.



Allurement for a lady...

a new and original perfume by the
House of Houbigant... for those
who wish to be feminine, gracious
and sought after!



*The American
Gentleman's Choice*



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H. M.
KING GEORGE VI

**VAT
69**

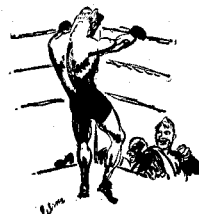
*"Quality
Tells"*



8 Years Old

NOTES ON SPORTS

No Meeting of Minds



THERE has been evidence during the past few weeks that when eighteen thousand or so people go to Madison Square

Garden of a Friday evening, they see, among them, in the neighborhood of eighteen thousand fights. This is not to say that Mike Jacobs, who stages these Friday salons, has handsomely hired a small army of athletes for the entertainment of his guests but rather that his guests, in watching the performance of just one pair of athletes, form different notions of what is going on. Psychologists would probably say that each individual's reaction was based on his early conditioning. Less scientific analysts might agree that such early conditioning as a twenty-dollar bet on either of the boys in the ring would make a difference. There are other points on which opinions vary, however, besides the question of who the winner was. For example, some folks come away saying the fight was a honey, while others say it was a dud. The other day a sports-writer claimed to have discovered that all fights look much better if you don't sit too close to them. If this turns out to be true, the bottom will naturally fall out of the market for ringside seats, and as a matter of fact the Garden, where you can't get any farther from the ring than a hundred and fifty feet, may have to quit operating as a fight arena. Other common subjects for argument are whether a particular blow knocked its recipient's brains out or missed him altogether, whether a fighter was knocked down or slipped, and whether the referee is a conscientious crook or just foolish.

Views on the identity of the winner have not been unanimous in such fights this season as the Pep-Wright, the Jack-Zivic, and even the Greco-Shans of last week. This department, conveniently enough, agreed with the official verdicts (Pep, Jack, and Greco) in all three. There was probably less dispute in the case of the Greco-Shans affair than in either of the others, but as you walked out you could hear complaints to the effect that Shans had landed more punches than Greco. One of the officials, on the other hand, gave nine out of ten rounds to Greco, withholding

one on account of a low blow, which, incidentally, was another thing people didn't see eye to eye on. In fact, it was a thing people didn't see, generally speaking. Well, to put everyone straight on the whole business, Greco did win nine rounds, and maybe ten, but none of them by an especially wide margin. At times he pounded Shans severely around the top of the head, but Shans has a dome of processed teakwood and was consequently able to survive these flurries. At other times Greco was busy defending himself against Shans' in-fighting, because under his teak exterior Shans is a bundle of cunning and knows how to make a nuisance of himself. Greco is a powerful hitter with both hands and should be able to lick about every lightweight he is allowed to get at by the Canadian Army, of which he is a member. He is a hitter, however, who likes to stand off and take a full swing, and Shans stayed too close to him Friday night. It was as though Greco was a farsighted man without his glasses and Shans was his morning paper.

THE A.A.U. track meet on Saturday went along pretty much like the others of the season except that Frank Dixon caught Gilbert Dodds in the home stretch of the mile, instead of not quite catching him, as previously. Cornelius Warmerdam won the pole vault at his usual dizzy altitude of better than fifteen feet and Gregory Rice won the three-mile at his usual dizzy pace. When everything else was over, the high jump, as usual, was still going on and William Vessie, as usual, was still in it. He finally tied for first place, at six feet six, with Joshua Williamson. Joshua fit William a battle at six seven, three tries apiece, but the bar came tumbling down. —D. L.

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[A bulletin received from the State of New York Department of Labor, Division of Placement and Unemployment Insurance]

ADMINISTRATIVE INTERPRETATION No. 6
SUBJECT: Intervening Employment
REFERENCE: Section 504-a
Section 506
Unemployment Insurance Law

An unexpired period of disqualification or suspension continues to apply to a benefit claimant upon the loss of employment which he performed after the event for which the disqualification or suspension is imposed upon him, only if his current unemployment is still attributable to the event warranting the imposition of such disqualification or suspension.

More

by the pair . . .



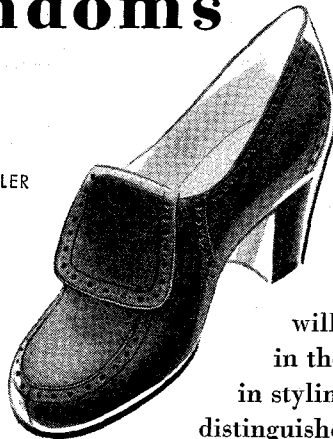
Less

by the year

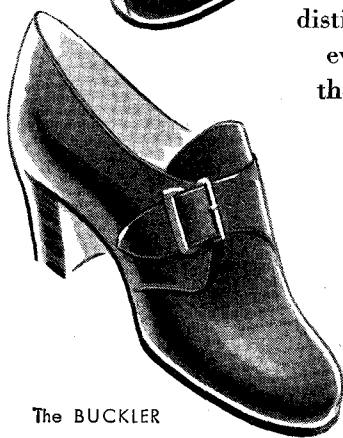
randoms

by Stetson

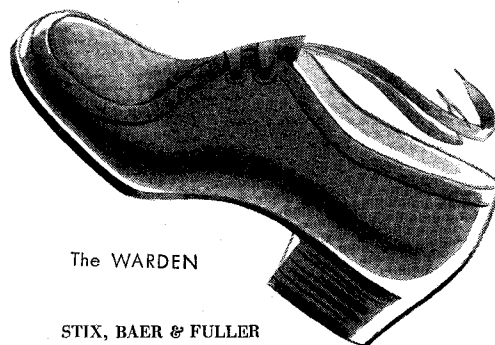
The TRAVELER



Now, more than ever, it will pay you well to buy **randoms by Stetson**. The little more they cost by the pair will be paid back to you over the years in their longer wear, in thorough comfort, in styling that is always suitable, always distinguished. For **randoms** are fine shoes in every sense of the word . . . made with all the care and all the quality that you rightfully associate with the name Stetson. Ask to see them at any of the top-notch stores listed here. THE STETSON SHOE CO., INC., South Weymouth, Massachusetts.



The BUCKLER



The WARDEN

LORD & TAYLOR
New York & Manhasset

R. H. STEARNS CO.
Boston

BONWIT TELLER
Philadelphia

GARFINKEL'S
Washington

J. P. ALLEN & CO.
Atlanta

DANIELS & FISHER
Denver

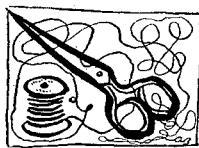
STIX, BAER & FULLER
St. Louis

FRANK WERNER CO.
San Francisco

THE MAY COMPANY
Los Angeles

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



EVERY once in a while I have been known to go temporarily out of my head to the extent of announcing that women make sense, really, when you get to know them. Promptly after that, they can be counted on to do something so dumb and hysterical that I have to go into hiding for weeks. For instance, the very day after shoe rationing arrived, repairing experts reported desperate women coming in with dozens of battered old shoes, including even high-buttoned relics, and sobbing their need of having them fixed up in a hurry. You would have thought that a czar had suddenly issued a ukase forbidding the populace to have run-down heels under penalty of death.

Well, that's just something I had to get off my chest. You can imagine, though, how New York's custom couturiers, sensing from such hullabaloo that their clientele was in an unpredictable mood, quailed as they presented their new spring collections. On the one hand, they knew they had to please their customers with brand-new sets of whimsies; on the other, they faced a demand for beautiful clothes that would be satisfying for many seasons. In general, the first offerings to appear have succeeded; many of the new things that have cropped up look both gay and right. It's worth noting, too, that the hideous rise of the skirt line to the knob of the knee seems to have suffered at least a momentary reverse; day skirts are now below the kneecap again and dinner clothes are longer than that.

ONE of the best aspects of the new collections is an increased interest in the waist-length jacket and the bolero. Jay-Thorp have a honey of a bolero in butter-beige crêpe (heavy, dull, and tailorable), cut to reveal a row of buttons down the front of the simplest possible black dress. A youthful navy suit has this jacket with eyelet lapels to match the blouse beneath; another navy suit, this time for evening but still sporting the

jacket, appears with lace-edged lapels and has that lacy, sheer-above-the-waist look which seems to be the fashion most favored for nighttime wear. Hattie Carnegie makes waist-length jackets of tussah, puts violent spangles on their revers, and tosses them over full-length lilac chiffon evening gowns or trig suit skirts with great nonchalance.

Then there is a new passion in town for little shoulder capes. One of their most devoted champions is Mainbocher. He shows a stark-black crêpe day dress that has a neckline straight across the throat, which (with those strands of pearls) is practically one of his trademarks. For variety, it may be adorned with a pale-blue crêpe shoulder cape with ends to cross on your chest and tuck into the belt. (Other contributors

to variety: a figured scarf to twist around the shoulders and a belt to match; a jet-striped peplum apron; a peplum with a spray of roses and spring flowers across your tummy.) Mainbocher's fluttering floral décor appears all through his beautiful collection: on plain day dresses, on dreamy evening chiffons, and on the long, slim dinner dresses for which he is famous and which he continues to make, fortunately. Many of his dresses have a shoulder line that projects past the shoulder tips to give it length.

Mainbocher, who seems to be all over the place with ideas, has also introduced a flounce treatment low on both day and evening skirts to complement the capes I've just mentioned. This flounce is particularly fine on some of his short din-



"Street floor. Slushy sidewalks, jostling crowds, angry policemen, traffic hazards, and all the old uncertainties."



ALONE?

2 a.m. at an Aircraft Warning Service Post, U. S. A.

The watcher is alone—scanning the sky—listening—listening—alert for that first hum of an airplane motor.

To the West the yellowed moon, like half an orange, sinks slowly to its rest. A star falls—unmissed among the myriad. The wind—a few minutes ago strong and chill—dies.

Everywhere it is silent . . . no, not everywhere. From the distance comes, faintly, a locomotive whistle as a freight train approaches. Louder comes the sound; steady comes the roar; and now you hear the engine breathing as it rushes through the valley . . . feel the heartbeat of the train as its many cars, heavy laden, roll on . . .

Once again it is silent—a silence more intense as the train disappears into the night.

The watcher—scanning the sky—listening—listening—alert for that first hum of an airplane motor—is alone again.

Alone you say? Is he alone when throughout the land thousands of other ordinary citizens are at that very moment away from their comfortable beds watching the sky the same as he? Is he alone when the touch of his hand on the telephone at his side can instantly alert his fellow countrymen?

Is he alone when across the valley and across the vast distances of America on all its great railroad systems, linking neighborhoods, communities, industries, a million alert eyes—the eyes of the railroadmen working through the night—are watching too?

The enginemen, the firemen, the conductors, the trainmen, the flagmen, the crossing tenders—the thousand and one on every railroad system who, 24 hours a day, are working or moving to and from their homes—doubly alert in war time—are watching too.

This is a time of nation-wide companionship in our common cause. There is no Number One job to do. All jobs, when dedicated to Victory, are of equal importance. The lonely figure in his observation post, the brakeman on a fast freight train, the man or woman on the assembly line and their countless fellow citizens, great and small, are as one in the all-out job to be done.

So long as great railroad systems link this nation together, and day and night move—safely—goods and humans from coast to coast, and from Gulf to Canada, no watcher is ever alone.

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691 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

Elizabeth Arden

ner things, like a net dress with ruffles on its sheer, short sleeves. Another of his dresses has a full net skirt starting below a ruffle around the hips, lace through the body, and a sheer, high-necked top; it's one of the loveliest in town. He also shows two slim princesse creations of lace, one pale blue, the other black and swirling out from a point just above the knees. Both look simple and ladylike, which is more than you can say for a lot of the things you'll see here and there. You'll also love two Mainbocher evening coats of brocaded satin, one a sapphire-blue box jacket, one a pale-blue fitted coachman's coat.

BUT the newest, and the oddest, development paradoxically goes back many years. This is a distinct tendency toward wide and oval décolletages, ending in the tiniest possible pretenses of cap sleeves, or décolletages that run straight across under the armpits and are supported by wide shoulder straps which are widened at the tips of the shoulders to form little caps. What seems to have brought these back from the early twenties (or was it before that?) is the experimentation incidental to designing the new short dinner dresses.

At Carnegie, you'll find such décolletages on dresses of dull satin tucked across the middle and topped by plain jackets. Though they look strange, I think they are in. Apparently, however, Hattie hasn't made up her mind, for she also shows every possible type of after-dark offering. Some of her dresses have filmy lace tops that are transparent to the point of shamelessness. Then there is a wonderful draped dress of black jersey, almost sleeveless, with a neckline plunging to the waist. Ladies and hussies may both find what they like in dresses of tucked sheer fabrics over nude-colored slips and having bands of lace around the skirts, but you must be very sure of yourself to risk buying some of them, for peekaboo transparencies can often look like the \$10.95 racks.

While we are on dinner dresses, I might point out that there is one at Chez Ninon that is among the dreams of my life—a simply cut affair which is all draped and shirred black chiffon. It has that elegant couture look which people used to go way across the Atlantic to get and which Chez Ninon has successfully captured, particularly in those "little black dresses with exquisite detail" that are so very hard to find.

NOW for more practical things. You haven't seen for ages prettier suits than those being shown at Hattie

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- ★ library for the 1943 ★
- ★ VICTORY BOOK ★
- ★ CAMPAIGN. ★

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Carnegie. Her triumph, and a style-setter if ever I saw one, is a gray flannel affair with a bright, buttercup-yellow wool-jersey blouse. The jacket is medium length, trim, and fitted; the skirt has a yellow belt through loops at its high waistline and, like a man's trousers, has pockets at the hips and a zippered fly front with creases down each side. This suit is a type that crops up all around Carnegie's and is very grand. Carnegie, not content with using wool, makes suits of tussah in bright colors with hand-painted blouses and also of black tussah with braid-covered buttons forming polka dots down the front of the jacket. Quantities of suits with solid-colored skirts have jackets made in plaid or checked tie-silk fabrics, and there are often umbrellas or gloves in matching patterns.

If you are looking for the slim, slick coat or coat-dress costume, Jay-Thorpe is an ideal port of call. Here you'll find a navy crêpe coat dress with a deep-pink crêpe insert in the skirt giving a redingote effect; another such dress is made of navy broadcloth and buttons up the front to a navy-edged pink mouseline ruffle at the throat; a third is of heavy black crêpe, with finely striped green-and-white satin in an inverted pleat in front and forming a bow at the throat. Simple wool princesse coats look new and exciting every season, of course. Jay-Thorpe's one of bright-green wool over a red-and-white printed crêpe dress is exceptional. So is Mainbocher's tailored coat of white silk with a navy pattern like the one on your best china. He also shows a coat of natural jersey with white piqué revers and fullness at each side of its buttoned-down front, and another that looks two-piece, with a pale-beige top and black skirt. Hattie Carnegie has a magnificent dressed-up coat in dull navy satin, fitted and severe, with a fold high across the collarbone. She dotes on a black tussah coat, which has, over the shoulders, the fringed epaulettes that you will find all through her collection.

Among day dresses, some of the most startling shown this spring are the plainest. There's Mainbocher's pink jersey, for instance, with a black flower on the belt and nothing else but Line, and there's also his jersey shirtwaist dress with a pale-gray top, an oxford-gray skirt, and a cluster of white violets.

—L. L.

The picture ends merrily, with a death aboard ship.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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Navy, black, honey-beige. 17.95
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TAKE YOUR CHANGE IN WAR STAMPS

OF ALL THINGS

THE Yanks and British in Tunisia are acting on the theory that any retreating necessary should be done by Marshal Rommel. He has had so much experience in this line of work.

Hitler's recent message to his party is probably intended to dispose of the rumor that he is no longer running things. Still, that harangue might have been written by some other inmate of the same ward.

Nazi propagandists now seem to feel that the way to win the war is to spread depression among the Germans. The motto this year is "Strength through gloom."

The Russian advance continues, though at a somewhat slower pace. The Reds expect to capture several more big armies before the trapping season is over.

Recent quirks of the thermometer have turned our thoughts toward spring. Everyone is dreaming of the lovely days ahead when he will not have to speak respectfully to the fuel man.

Retail merchants report that old-time bootleggers are now doing a big business in foodstuffs. Good citizens, however, will not patronize low characters who try to sell them a case of pre-war tomato soup.

Here in New York, War Ration Book No. 2 has not gone over quite as well as its predecessor. You might think that some people didn't care much for the author's previous work.

The most unpopular piece of literature published this year is Form 1040, by Henry Morgenthau. It is hard to understand and it has a most unhappy ending.

The Finnish government denies the report that it is looking for a way out of the war. On the other hand, the Finns haven't said what they would do if they ran across a door marked "Exit."

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

IN TRUE BRITISH FASHION

FOR eighty years my maternal grandmother lived in a small hill-side village in the north of England. Cleanliness and honesty were her gods, and nobody worshipped more devoutly under greater difficulties, for she lived in a tiny stone house that was hard to keep clean and for half her life she was extremely poor. But she was a tough and patient fighter, and though, in true British fashion, she lost most of the battles, she won all the wars.

At ten she was a factory hand in one of the new woollen mills that had been built in that wild hill country, and until she was eighteen she managed single-handed to keep herself alive. In the mill she met the man who became her first husband and my grandfather. He was handsome, which was why my grandmother married him, and he had a passion for books and drink. His love for literature infuriated my grandmother. As there were no libraries, she had to walk up the steep village street to the millowner's mansion and implore the butler to lend her husband a couple of his master's books. The millowner wasn't a reading man, so it was nice for the books to be read by somebody, but my grandmother detested butlers, and from this period of her life straight through to the end she couldn't bear the sight of a book. She didn't like the sight of a pub, either.

She had to quit work before her first child was born, and my grandfather took to drink oftener and grew bitter as he realized his talents were being wasted. Soon after the birth of her third child my grandmother went back to the mill, leaving her babies in the care of a neighbor. The battles between the pair grew more violent, and my grandmother was usually defeated, but time was on my grandmother's side. One winter's night my grandfather, full of drink and poetry, fell over a cliff into a stone quarry and was killed.

My grandmother's next husband couldn't even read a newspaper. He toiled like an ox in the stone quarry and brought his wages home. Gradually he too took to drink, though not to poetry, and my grandmother had to declare war again. She fought with her tongue, which was a blunt yet powerful weapon. Unfortunately, her second husband had the hide of a rhinoceros. She battled valiantly, and she acquired three more children to defend. At last she decided to retire with the children to a fortified area, her mother's cottage. After a month my stepgrandfather got her back

Old friend in a new bottle



YES, Mount Vernon comes in a round bottle now. All whiskeys will—for the duration. But this grand drink is still the same square whiskey—rich, full-bodied, 100 proof bottled in bond rye that makes it worth your while to say “Make mine Mount Vernon!”

The Mount Vernon Distillery Co. is 100% engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes. This whiskey was made years before Pearl Harbor.

THE BOND OF FRIENDSHIP

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

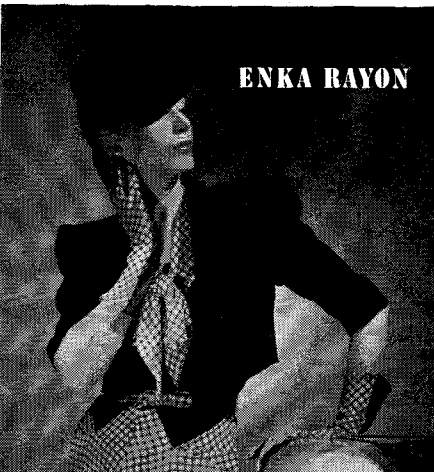
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TENNIS AND BADMINTON GUT

again, not by force but by Hitlerian strategy. He promised that henceforth he would behave like an angel, that he had been guilty of his last aggression. He didn't use quite those words, his range of expression being limited, but that was the sense of it, and my grandmother entered into a Chamberlain pact and went home with him, believing she had won peace in her time for herself and her children. My grandfather invaded Poland, so to speak, within a couple of months, and the war was on again. He wouldn't work, and what my grandmother earned he appropriated. But my grandmother was training her reserves. The two eldest children went to the woollen mill, and my grandmother, confident that she could now keep the other children alive without Grandfather's help, abandoned him. He died of drink within a year, and she went to the funeral in a black bonnet.

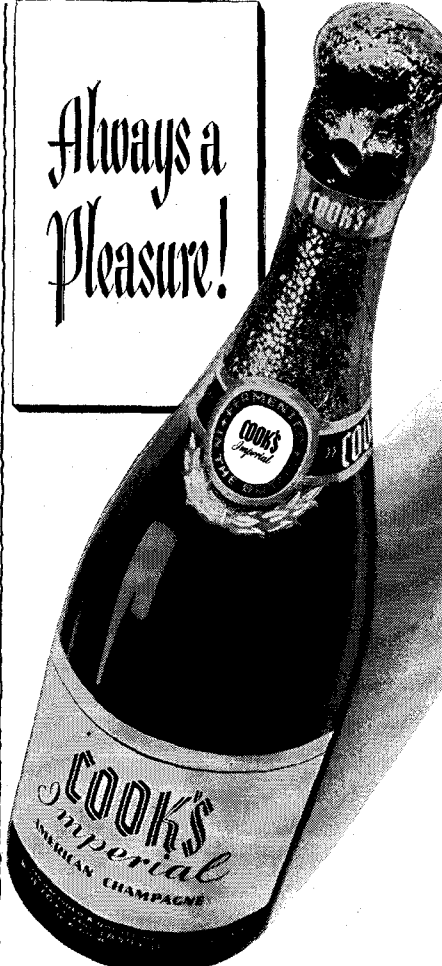
THEN came 1914 and the Great War, and my grandmother's two sons wanted to fight in it. She opposed the idea at first, but after seeing pictures of German troops and finding them surprisingly like her second husband in looks, she let her sons go. I was a small child then, but I could read, and my throat often grew sore with reading aloud to my grandmother about the Germans. Her sons wrote home, and she became more and more angry with the enemy. "You can't trust 'em," she would say, shaking her black curls. "They're lying, all of 'em."

When peace was declared and her sons returned home, my grandmother was still suspicious. "I know what they're like," she would say, beating a pudding madly with a spoon. "They're biding their time. We should have marched into Germany." Then she would look malevolently at my step-grandfather's picture.

Everybody except my grandmother soon forgot the war. She swatted flies in summer with a wire swatter and



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muttered "The Germans!" as they perished. When Germany marched into the Rhineland eighteen years later, we no longer had to read aloud in the evenings, for Grandmother had a radio. She listened with passion to the news bulletins. "They're at it again!" she would exclaim, and mentally brace her shoulders for the next battle. We smiled and looked knowingly at one another.

As she grew older, her memories of wars and husbands strengthened and her hold on the present grew feebler. The Germans and her husbands became curiously mixed in her mind. When she muttered vindictively "That man!" I could never be sure whether she was thinking of my grandfather, my step-grandfather, or Hitler. When her intelligent daughters discussed the germ theory of disease, she got germs mixed up with Germans, took a dislike to raw

milk, draped all the food with muslin, and insisted on stewing fruit of every sort. In March, 1938, a short while before she died, she asked me what the Germans were doing.

"Nothing at all," I said soothingly. "Nothing at all." Hitler had just annexed Austria, but I thought it was better she shouldn't know.

"They will!" said my grandmother. "They will! Are you sure you boiled my milk?" she added suspiciously. "You know milk's full of Germans."

Her blue eyes raked the room and rested on her grandchildren. There were three of us, only three, but two of them were boys. If need arose she could rely on them to take care of the enemy. She drank her milk, cradling the glass with the hand that wasn't paralyzed, smiled at us, and fell into a deep and tranquil sleep. —WINIFRED WILLIAMS

NOTATIONS ON A LEASE

Dear Landlord:

Through your cautious legal sages

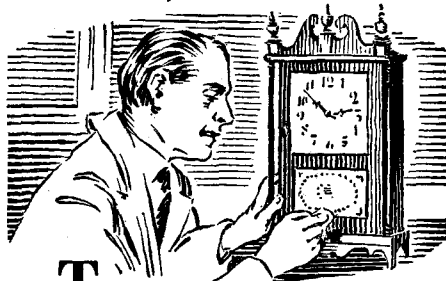
"The tenant covenants" for two long pages,
 "The landlord covenants" for two brief inches
 Of printing, and no hitting in the clinches.
 The "will's", the "shall's", the "shall not's" so beset one
 Said tenant cannot sleep lest he forget one.
 "This residence," one gathers, oozing clammily,
 "Is solely for the tenant's self and family."
 If one should dare to entertain a guest
 A month or two, might one be dispossessed?
 "The tenant may not hang out any sign."
 (Now, who betrayed that secret wish of mine?)
 One may not "keep an animal or parrot,"
 But how about our goldfish, eighteen-carat?
 One shall not sue the landlord for disaster
 From bursting pipes, or hurt from falling plaster,
 Or grief because of damage to the building,
 Its marbled entrances, rococo gilding,
 Internal structure, or external prettiments,
 Or lapse of incorporeal hereditaments
 (That's that! No legal phrase was ever sweeter;
 One had to use it if it wrecked the meter),
 Nor may the tenant alter these decretals
 Because of rodents, Croton bugs, or beetles.
 In brief, no dint of fate, or death or taxes,
 Said tenant's liability relaxes—
 He has to pay the rent in any case;
 But should said landlord sell or lose the place,
 These drawers-up of leases are so clever
 Said tenant has no claim on him whatever.
 But just a word of counsel, though unseasonable,
 To landlords and to tenants: "Ah, be reasonable!"

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

(Arthur Guiterman, who died January 11, 1943, at the age of 71, was one of THE NEW YORKER's earliest contributors and, through the years, one of its most faithful. This poem is the last of his work we had on hand when he died and it will recall to our readers the many other witty and wise poems Mr. Guiterman wrote for us on the trials of life in New York City and other subjects.—THE EDITORS)

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*a standard of
accuracy since 1886*



There's a tradition at Chelsea—a heritage of skill and craftsmanship in clock-making. Total war production has proved its values.

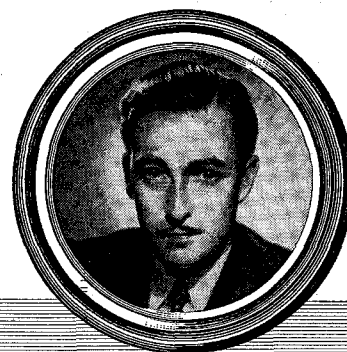
Someday we'll once again make clocks for yachts, homes and offices—clocks as fine as heirlooms. Then you'll find that Chelsea's craftsmanship and skill—made stronger by war experience—will serve you best in accuracy, beauty and faithfulness.



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AND HIS ORCHESTRA

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Hotel NEW YORKER

THE ARMY LIFE

XXVIII~WORD FROM MR. BILLINGSLEY

THE recent edict of Secretary Stimson that no newspapers or magazines may be mailed to soldiers overseas except by a publisher to a subscriber will not, I hope, deprive me of future issues of what, of those I've received in the New Guinea jungle, stands out as the most delightful periodical of all. While other soldiers involved in the recent campaign in these parts were scurrying around the battlefield unearthing such commonplace Japanese souvenirs as ornamental sabres and counterfeit money, I sat back smugly against a mangrove tree, clutching to my camouflaged chest a real collector's item—Volume I, No. 1, of an entrancing pamphlet called *Stork Club Talk*. Perhaps a few other copies of this new wartime journal have got across the Owen Stanley Mountains, but I doubt it. I like to think that mine is the only copy whose trim and glossy pages are stained with Papuan mud.

How I got *Talk*, an abundantly illustrated eight-page journal devoted, with unswerving consistency, to the giddy doings of such folk as Dorothy Lamour, Mrs. Cornelius Dresselhuys, Carole Landis, and Mrs. Julien St. Charles Chacqueneau—who looked “divine and sleek,” I read, “in her version of the short dinner dress that everyone is talking about”—I do not know. I am certainly far from a habitué of the Stork Club. On my last night in New York before going overseas, in fact, I approached the magic door on Fifty-third Street, after polishing up the buttons of my uniform and cutting three inches off the skirt of the girl I was with, hoping to gain entrée. I was doomed to disappointment. Through the diamond-shaped glass panel of the outer door, which barred me from my goal as stoutly as any Japanese bunker ever blocked a patrol, loomed the rugged and determined face of Sherman Billingsley, the boss himself. He looked us over, made one of those quick decisions of which only the great are capable, and with a slight negative twist of his head indicated to the doorman outside that our tentative advance was to be halted. It was therefore a source of considerable surprise to me to receive this select publication, and I can

only surmise that somehow or other somebody in the Stork Club put my name on a mailing list of accredited Navy men. It has long been bruited about, even over here, that the place favors the Navy over the Army, and if any further proof is needed, I submit that of ten men in uniform whose pictures appear in the issue, no less than seven are gobs. Furthermore, although the magazine's caption-writers had no trouble, in the case of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, with the spelling of “bo'sun,” they stumbled badly when they entered the unfamiliar world of the land forces, referring to a sergeant pictured dancing with Hedy Lamarr as “sargeant.” Of course, it is possible that any sergeant in so amiable a clutch, upon being asked to identify himself, would be so ecstatically flustered as to forget not only his name, rank, and serial number but also how to spell and the time of the expiration of his pass.

I haven't been in a New York night club for almost a year, having left the bright lights not long after Connie Boswell started spelling her name “Connee.” After seeing *Talk's* version of “sergeant,” I probably shouldn't take the magazine's spelling of anything too literally, but if I am to believe *Talk*, many of Manhattan's numerous celeb-

rities have followed Connee's example and changed the spelling of their names since I left there. I am of course glad that *Talk* was considerate enough to carry a number of the revised monickers. It was a gay night amid the foxholes, let me tell you, when, by the light of a shaded candle, I pored over the pages and noted with interest that the spelling now is Mrs. Mary Roberts Rhinehart, Mrs.

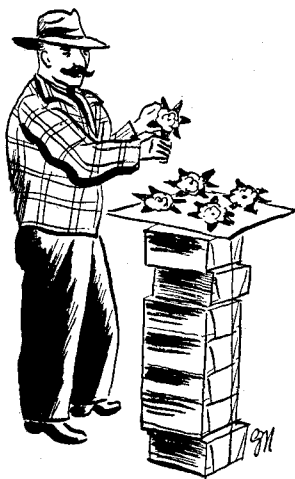
Andre Kostalanetz, Mrs. George S. Kauffman, Lady Mendle, George Jessell, Lieutenant Tommy Tailor, Gertie Neisson, and J. P. McAvoy. Thanks, Mr. B., for keeping me posted.

THE fact that the Stork Club spent six cents in postage on me is touching, and I am sure that the management will be glad to hear that its generosity was not expended on me alone. No, indeed. After weeks of reading little but six-month-old periodicals and other peo-

ple's frayed letters, all of us found it refreshing to have a newssheet brimful of up-to-the-minute information about the home folks, and we all devoured *Talk* with scarcely less enthusiasm than we might have given to a captured Japanese diary. “Many Beautiful Girls and Men in Uniform Crowd the Stork Club Nightly—New Romances Abound,” announced the leading headline, and the corporal of the guard had hardly read that flash over my palpitating shoulder before the word was seeping through the jungle swamps. “Nightly—did you say nightly?” an excited voice would whisper out of the hostile dark. “Yeah,” would come the tense answer. “New romances abound.”

Cut off from the news of the rest of the world, are we? Nonsense. We know that the new chef is Henri Geib, that pretty Pat Foster sat with Sammy Smith at his usual table, that Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt had tea with the Countess Mercati, that Mrs. Darryl Zanuck is another short-dinner-dress addict, hers being black and spangled and topped off with a “little-girl bow” on her blonde head, and that the saltines George Jean Nathan pilfers from the table aren't for him at all but for Julie Haydon's pooch. We felt a deep sense of sympathy for Monty Woolley when we read his statement to the William Gaxtons that “he would gladly cross the continent to spend three hours in New York.” We were happy to know that on the night Arline Judge stepped off the train from California and headed straight for you-know-where, Lillian Emerson Boskowitz never looked more beautiful. And the fact that the Bill Burtons are still managing to drop in for their nightly nightcap, despite Lord knows what unprintable obstacles, is to us a source of infinite satisfaction. War or no war, you can't afford to let the old institutions crumble.

As I was saying before the Burtons dropped in, I hope that the new regulations won't prevent me from seeing Volume I, No. 2, and ensuing issues of what I am sure is going to be a honey of a rag and one which may prove so helpful that—extra weight being what it is in this area—I can throw away my reference copy of the *Social Register*. We are far off and out of touch with some events back home, but now my little marooned circle feels that we'll be kept closer to the things that really matter. Each issue, I trust, will contain at least one surprise on a par with that afforded by pictures of Steve Hannagan, Richard Berlin, and Walter Winchell under the caption “The three men most often accused of



owning the Stork Club." You can see how misinformed I had been, because, poor fool that I am, I had never even suspected any one of them the tiniest bit. I'd always thought the joint was owned by Mr. Billingsley.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

GLOSSARY

I like words like bronze and brass,
Hard as rock but hammered thin;
Glassy words like isinglass,
Onyx and obsidian;
Jewel-toned like cinnabar;
Jungle ones that crouch and purr,
Ocelot and jaguar,
Sinuous and sinister;
Haunted words like calabash,
Calico and caribou,
Sorghum, sachem, succotash,
Lynx and Ogallala Sioux;
Odd—yet not in ill repute—
Words that few or none employ,
Though specific and astute,
Somersault and Brassempouy;
Ominous like incubi,
Succuba and obsequies,
Poltergeist and hexerei;
Silly ones like pinch and squeeze;
Wedded ones like boot and spur,
Tooth and nail, and blood and bone;
Common ones like cocklebur,
Cubbyhole and cobblestone;
Speckledick and sisselseed,
These I like, and watercress—
Any word that is a weed;
Shadowy and bottomless
Words that sink like sand; and slow,
Watery ones that swing like swells;
Words that drown, like undertow;
Silver words that sound like shells;
Green and tangled words that come
Wearing seaweed in their hair—
Cloudily, like fog and scum....
Words, like foam, that are not there.

—MARTHA KELLER

When he heard a cat meow in a tree as he was on his way to school Harvey F. Hubbard of Randolph, a Boy Scout, borrowed a ladder and went up into a tall maple tree to rescue the animal. Although the weather was 12 below at the time, the youth was rather surprised when he reached up to lift the cat down to discover that the animal had its feet actually frozen to the tree. He had to get a chisel to break the bark away before he could get the cat down. The procedure took a half hour and made Hubbard late for school. He was not marked tardy, however, for the cat answered the description of the school principal.—*Bennington (Vt.) Evening Banner.*

A Scout is prepared for almost anything, luckily.

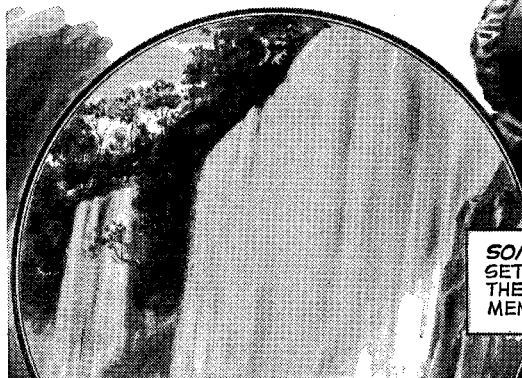
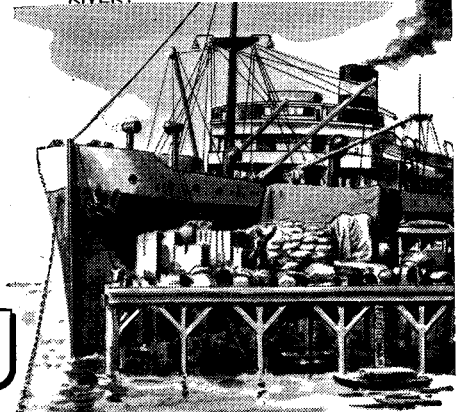
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PARAGUAY

ONE OF TWO INLAND SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS, PARAGUAY'S POPULATION IS ABOUT 1,014,000, ITS AREA 174,854 SQUARE MILES, A LITTLE LARGER THAN CALIFORNIA AND MARYLAND COMBINED

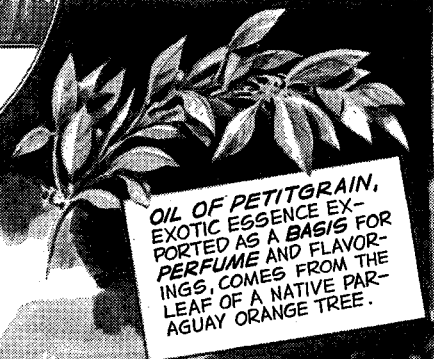
ASUNCION, PARAGUAY'S CAPITAL, FOUNDED IN 1537, IS A BUSTLING "SEAPORT," EVEN THOUGH 1000 MILES INLAND ON THE PARAGUAY RIVER.



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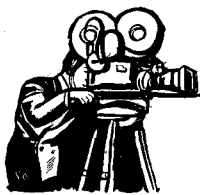
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STRANGELY enough, there are minor respects in which the film "Hitler's Children," an adaptation of the book "Education for Death," seems to have benefited by the adapter's preoccupation with a topic that is a little too big for him. There are times when Emmet Lavery, who wrote the screen play, apparently had too much to do to bother with some of the clichés of screen-writing. For example, when Bonita Granville, who plays one of Hitler's more recalcitrant children, escapes from a labor camp, there is none of the wearisome business of someone's discovering her absence, followed by the clanging of a bell or the tooting of a whistle and the scrambling off in pursuit. She simply runs away and pretty soon a bunch of gorillas are on her trail.

Perhaps it is wronging Mr. Lavery to say that he was driven to this commendably streamlined design. Perhaps that's his natural bent. What I said, however, about the topic's being too big still goes, by golly. The indoctrination of the German young with Nazism is what the picture deals with, and there is reason to believe that there's more to the process than can be bludgeoned into us by means of a couple of good, ghoul-ish atrocity stories. In one episode the sterilization of mentally, physically, or politically unfit females is touched on, a subject which would seem to be big enough to rate more than a quick glance and inherently grim enough not to be hurried over for fear of winning American converts to the practice. In "Hitler's Children," though, you are simply shocked into a stupor by a view of an operating room and then left to pull yourself together in time for the next horror. After a while the horrors grow so ponderous that you can see them coming and duck. The telephone pole with which American propagandists customarily beat the public over the head can get to be too heavy for a propagandist to wield. —DAVID LARDNER

There should always be a little of herself, particularly the tip of a finger, in everything a woman cooks.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

We'll settle for a dash of sherry.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Arrangements



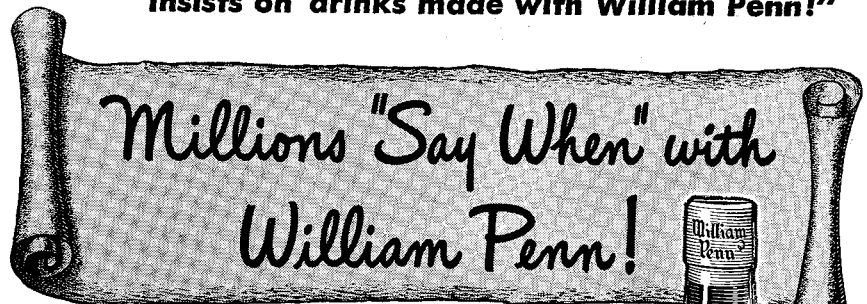
AN arrangement, in music, can be anything from a singer's homemade variation on "In the Gloaming" (usually introduced as "my own conception of") to—well, as fine a work of art as Arnold Schönberg's transcription for orchestra of two Bach chorale preludes, which were played last week by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy in Carnegie Hall. Actually, this was a double arrangement, because the chorale preludes themselves were organ settings by Bach of church melodies. The remarkable thing about the Bach-Schönberg music was that you never were aware of the hyphen between the two musicians. The preludes sounded like original orchestral music with an organlike quality. The listener was less concerned with Schönberg's skill and taste than with what was being heard, and that's as it ought to be with arrangements. The less you notice that arranging has been going on, the more credit you ought to hand to the arranger.

Later in the week, the Philharmonic-Symphony, directed by John Barbirolli, introduced to New York a transcription of the prelude and fugue from Bach's fifth suite for unaccompanied 'cello. The transcriber was Llywelyn Gomer, who teaches at Michigan State College. Mr. Gomer obviously knows how to write for orchestra, but it didn't seem to me that the movements from the suite were entirely logical material for translation from one instrument to a hundred.

Since a cadenza is really an arrangement of a composer's ideas, we might include as arrangements the innumerable sets of cadenzas for Beethoven's violin concerto, played at the Philadelphia Orchestra session, with Carroll Glenn as soloist. The cadenzas offered by Miss Glenn were difficult and, like all cadenzas for this concerto, had a curiously irrelevant sound. If a violinist omitted cadenzas in performing this work, the audience probably would feel cheated of the traditional battle between the fiddler, unsupported by the orchestra, and an especially dangerous batch of violin writing. I think that anybody who plays the Beethoven concerto is inviting enough trouble without also having to fight it out with



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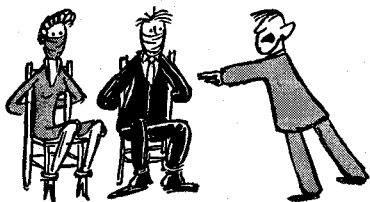


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marrying Arab
would be like
setting up house-
keeping between
the points of a
spark-gap."**

it was!



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Well, get a copy of *Don't Catch Me* and, when you've finished the last page and your hand has stopped shaking, chalk up one more time.

In a small, persistent way, *Don't Catch Me* is becoming a best-seller, one of the reasons undoubtedly being its hackles-raising quality mentioned above. Still another: a heroine who induces irregular respiration (we'd say short pants from long pants if we didn't hate that sort of thing) in male readers.

But why waste time reading this when you could be reading—

**don't
catch me**

By Richard Powell

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cadenzas, but I suspect that neither the artist nor most listeners would agree with me. Anyhow, Miss Glenn managed the cadenzas with ample skill. Her performance of the concerto was uneven, but it was obviously the playing of an uncommonly gifted violinist.

THERE were several attractive two-piano arrangements in the recital of the able and popular firm of Bartlett and Robertson at Town Hall. One was the pianists' own version of Grieg's Nocturne. Maybe the Nocturne isn't a piece that goes down well among certain rarefied circles, but it's good listening in the effective two-keyboard edition of Miss Bartlett and Mr. Robertson, who, it should be added, played it without any of the slushamushiness that usually is wished on the composition. Thomas Austen's variations on the folk song "The Keel Row" supplied good fun and ingenious music, and, in more conventional style, there were bright fancyings-up of the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, by Philipp, and of Saint-Saëns' "Summer Wind" study, by Risler.

The Robertsons (you undoubtedly know that the pianists are Mr. and Mrs.) also offered two new original works, both of them firsts that surely won't be lasts. Theodore Chanler's "Second Joyful Mystery" is a charming fugue with a curiously touching atmosphere and Arthur Benjamin's "Jamaican Rhumba" is brilliant and amusing dance music. The audience made so much fuss over the rhumba that it was repeated. This opus may well get around to the dance bands (no charge to dance maestri for this tip).

SPECIAL credit should go to James Sykes, who came to town for a piano recital and avoided the conventional conservatory-entrance-examination type of program. Appearing at the Museum of Modern Art, Mr. Sykes devoted himself to a showing of twentieth-century piano music, including severe compositions by Bartók and Schönberg. It was curious to hear Scriabin's "Satanic Poem" right after Schönberg's suite, Op. 25. The Poem sounded like nice old sweet music in that company, and maybe it is in any gathering.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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—EMIL LENGYEL,
Saturday Review
of Literature.

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BOOKS

Dos Passos—Burma and Dieppe



ON the whole, though I rank myself as a Dos Passos man, I cannot do any rooftop shouting for his "Number One." It's a smooth-gear, expertly written, sharply observed book, but it hardly stacks up against any of the three novels that compose his "U.S.A.," having neither their clarity of intention nor their magnitude. It's a successful study of the seamy side of one phase of American politics, but it lacks entirely the panoramic breadth of Dos Passos's better novels and their national scope. This is not to say that "Number One" is something you can well overlook.

Dos Passos is not the first American novelist to try his hand at a Huey Long character. (Hamilton Basso did a notable job on the same theme last year in a book called "Sun in Capricorn.") I suppose that what attracts fiction-writers to the American Fascist demagogue type is the dramatic contrast between his Caesarean ambitions and his homely, almost ludicrous personality. The discrepancy between the low-vaudeville antics of, let us say, a Pappy O'Daniel and the power that he might quite conceivably attain provides the novelist with a rosy opportunity.

Dos Passos's Chuck Crawford of Texarkola, somewhere in the South, is perfectly convincing largely because we have already had several sad occasions to study him in the flesh. He is the complete backwoods demagogue—hillbilly band, body-guard, and all—mouthing the promises of a degraded populism, oily with "Christian" sentiment, filled with hyperthyroid energy, humorous, ruthless, shrewd, anti-intellectual, a born politician, and completely irresponsible. It is a dangerous error to call such men American Hitlers. Hitler is the complete expression of the dominating trend of his people; he is in a certain sense a responsible leader and no mere adventurer. But our Chuck Crawfords are pure careerists, Al Capones of politics, representing not Americans in general but frustrated, insulated groups of poverty-stricken countryfolk. Hitler has a vision of a world

order built on the bones of a hundred million corpses; the Chuck Crawfords do not even have this vision. They are shrewd, pitiless, savage children, nothing more, and someday a truly grownup government will see to it that they are placed in houses of correction rather than in the halls of Congress.

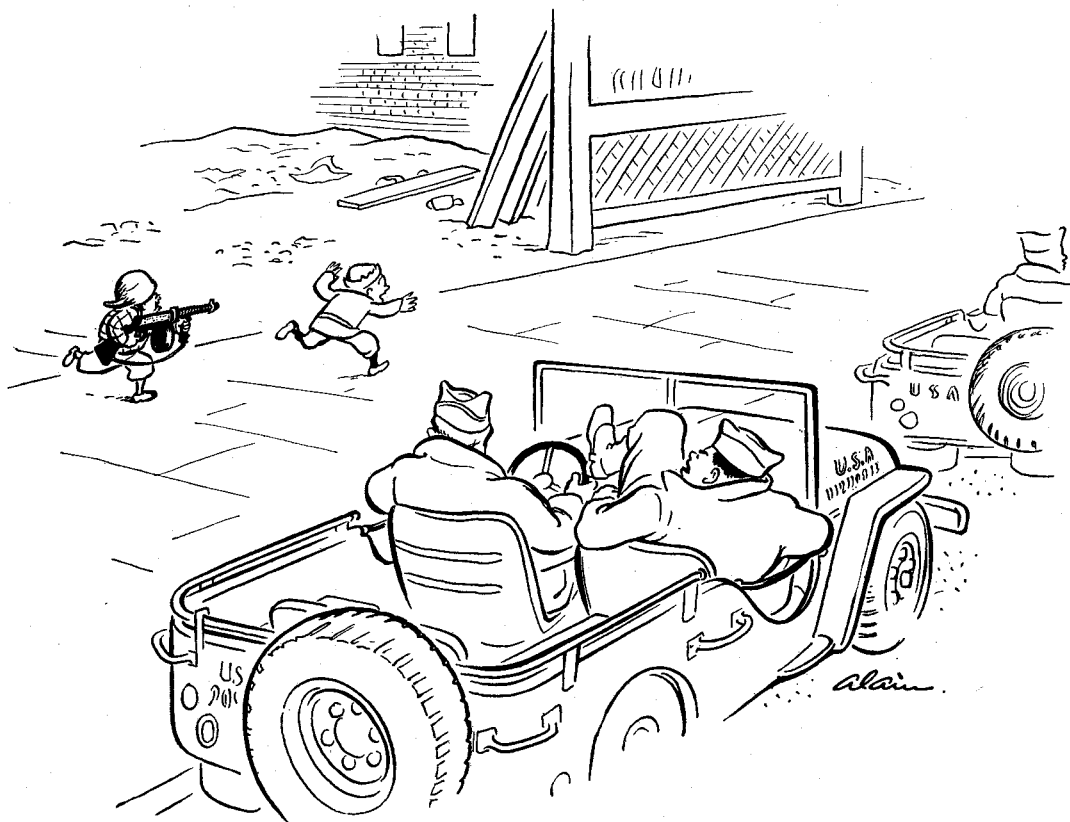
The characterization of Chuck is a departure for Dos Passos. That of his neurotic, dipsomaniac secretary, Tyler Spotswood, is not. Tyler is simply another facet of that Lost Generation we've already forgotten about. His disintegration is traced with a sure hand, but Dos Passos has done this sort of thing before, and one wonders just why he should want to do it again.

"Number One" is studded with a half-dozen Whitmanesque-Sandburgian reflections in rhythmical prose, all about the toiling, striving individuals who make up the nation. These sentiments are rather noble-sounding, but I am unable to figure out just what they have to do with the main theme of the novel. I'm probably missing something pretty big and symbolic.

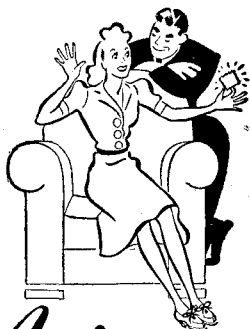
JACK BELDEN, an American correspondent who likes to tell the truth, has written the terrible story of the

United Nations' disaster in Burma. You will find it in "Retreat with Stilwell," and there is not much in it to make you proud of our side. The best thing that came out of Burma was our own Stilwell, the only high officer, by the way, who had the courage and character to announce publicly that we had been licked, licked thoroughly, and licked inexcusably.

The most readable pages of Belden's full, first-hand report deal with the retreat to India, undertaken under almost impossible conditions, but the most important pages are those in which he analyzes the basic causes of our debacle. He tells the same story that Cecil Brown told in "Suez to Singapore." The fundamental weakness was not military, it was political. Japan overran Burma not so much because she had better generals and stronger forces but because she was aware that she had working on her side "the inherent contradiction of Britain as an imperialist colonial power attempting to wage war on Fascism." Britain has since done much to indicate a change of attitude, but Burma and Hong Kong and Singapore had to come first. (The Burmese apparently didn't stop to reflect that the rule of the Japanese was bound to be vastly



"Gee! We haven't had any training with those yet!"



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worse than that of the British ever was.)

The United Nations' strategy in Burma, according to Belden, was almost unrelievedly inept. Great errors were made—primarily Wavell's refusal to accept Chiang Kai-shek's offer to send troops into the colony and the complete inability of the British to line up the natives on their side.

"Retreat with Stilwell" is a good book for us to read not only because it tells a whale of a story but because it contains a damned good lesson for all of us, from Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt all the way down the line.

IN his foreword to "Dress Rehearsal," Quentin Reynolds slyly spikes his critics' guns by writing in advance their reviews of his book: "The author has put entirely too much of himself in this book and not enough of Dieppe. It purports to be the story of the raid on Dieppe, yet the pages are filled with trivia not connected directly with the raid at all," etc., etc. About one-sixth of "Dress Rehearsal" deals with such easily skippable trivia; the rest is a first-rate eyewitness narrative of a combined operation that certainly cannot be said to have been gloriously successful but must, on the other hand, have taught us (and General Eisenhower in particular) how the big push will in the end have to be accomplished.

Mr. Reynolds makes no claim to being a historian, a political analyst, or a military expert. But he is a top-flight human-interest reporter.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

THE SEA IS SO WIDE, by Evelyn Eaton.

The historical novel appears to have caught up with current events; this record of the expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia reads curiously like an account of a Hitler "exchange of populations." Miss Eaton writes with a care and seriousness that give solid reality both to the good life of her Acadian farmers and to their later misfortunes. When the scene moves south to Williamsburg, where three of the principal characters finally settle down and find happiness, the local color seems less inherent and more applied than in the earlier chapters. This may be no fault of the author but something in the very nature of curtsying ladies and gentlemen in powdered wigs.

MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR, by Theodore Pratt. The gentle, humorous

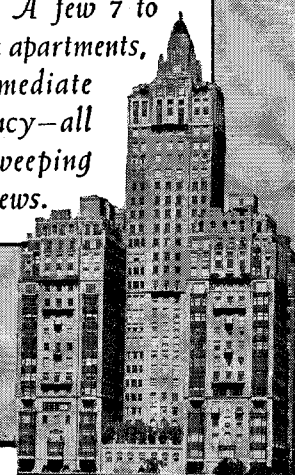
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story of a middle-aged, henpecked little man who is drafted. Mr. Winkle is timid and near-sighted, suffers from indigestion, and doesn't like to shoot. In spite of such unpromising equipment, he returns from the Southwest Pacific a hero, just as if he were young and handsome and tough. Makes you feel pretty good.

GENERAL

THE THOUSAND-YEAR CONSPIRACY, by Paul Winkler. A sensational demonstration of the existence of a "secret Germany" stemming from the Teutonic Knights of the thirteenth century. Nazism, says Mr. Winkler, is merely the latest and most terrible face, and not necessarily the last, of this conspiratorial society, which has always had the eventual domination of the world as its goal. If his remarkably well-documented argument is accepted, it follows that our enemy is not Hitler alone and that his fall will solve nothing.

THE LIFE OF JOHNNY REB, by Bell Irvin Wiley. Composite biography of the ordinary soldier of the Confederacy—his behavior in camp and under fire, his food, clothing, weapons, religion, amusements, attitude toward women, and so on. Taken mostly from first-hand accounts in letters, diaries, and records, this is a rich and fascinating job, though squeamish about some of the details. Photographs.

THE NAVY HAS WINGS, by Fletcher Pratt. The routine of naval aviation from pilot selection to battle, plus some well-balanced observations on the technique of sea-air warfare. Good stuff, up to date and not too technical. Foreword by Rear Admiral J. S. McCain, U.S.N. Photographs.

WHITE MAMMOTS, by Alexander Poliakov, translated from the Russian by Norbert Guterman. The story of the big Russian KV tanks and their drivers in the fighting around Lake Ilmen during the winter of 1941-42. Dramatic and vigorous, but the rather elementary earnestness of the dialogue may make you smile a little. Photographs.

FROM BIRD CAGE TO BATTLE PLANE, by Ralph Michaelis. Short, factual history of British military aviation and air tactics. Covers the period from 1908, through the R.F.C. of the first World War, to the operations of the R.A.F. Fighter, Bomber, and Coastal Commands in the present war. Photographs.

A SURGEON'S FIGHT TO REBUILD

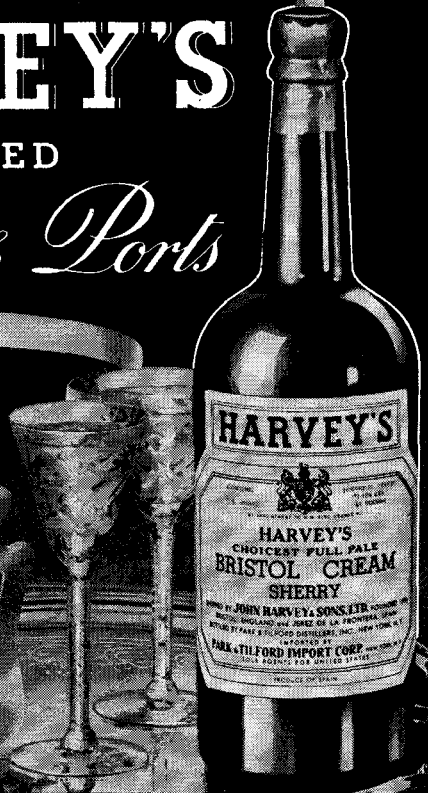
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MEN, by Fred H. Albee. Autobiography of a top-rank orthopedic surgeon, a New Yorker who pioneered many of the advances in bone surgery during the last forty years. A sober but far from humorless record. Photographs.

ANDRÉ GIDE, by Klaus Mann. Admiring but perceptive study of a great master, in which his subtle relation to his period is admirably demonstrated.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEATH IN THE DOLL'S HOUSE, by Hannah Lees and Lawrence Bachmann. Celia Starling is found shot to death in her bedroom and her husband lies seriously wounded beside her. The police think it's murder and attempted suicide, but Dr. Farragon, a friend of the family, is sure the truth can be reached through the Starlings' six-year-old girl, who he suspects saw something of vital interest on the night of the murder. Psychological detecting at its best in this excellent story.

FINAL APPEARANCE, by Jeannette Covert Nolan. Miss Lace White, writer and lieutenant in a Midwestern state police force, is persuaded by Eric Vigo, another writer, to go to a town called Felicity to gather material for a book about the place. They become involved in a murder which has its roots in the past. Interesting background in this story, which is apparently based on the historical aspects of the old Indiana town of New Harmony.

INTRIGUE, by Eric Ambler, with an introduction by Alfred Hitchcock. Four novels: "Journey into Fear," "A Coffin for Dimitrios," "Cause for Alarm," and "Background to Danger." For readers who were foolish enough not to read these fine novels when they were first published.

**ERROR APPEARS IN
HARSHBARGER DAIRY
MILK ADVERTISEMENT**

Owing to an error, a very misleading and embarrassing statement appeared in the J. E. Harshbarger Dairy advertisement in Wednesday's Mirror.

The copy read Harshbarger's Vitamin D Milk contains the equivalent of 1¼ teaspoonsful of Castor Oil. Whereas it should have read 1¼ teaspoonsful of COD LIVER OIL.

We regret that this error was made, and are repeating the advertisement correctly on page 20 in this evening's Mirror.
—Altoona (Pa.) Mirror.

Either way would surprise a cow.



Proudly enjoy refreshing
**Fox Head
LAGER BEER**



• Brewed with famous Waukesha Water — a head start to goodness.

**Fox Head
Waukesha Corp.**
607 W. 24th St., N. Y.
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Unusually favorable short term leases and monthly rates.

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You'll like this smart residential neighborhood, only a block from the Park. Here your rental includes complete maid and hotel service. All heat by N. Y. Steam Corp.

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Three-Acre Country Estate

Located near intersection of important highways between Princeton and Morristown, New Jersey. Colonial house on three acres of land, landscaped grounds, and ample parking facilities. Within easy driving distance of New York and Philadelphia. Further information sent on request. Box B, The New Yorker, 25 West 43rd Street, New York City.

35 Minutes from New York

A little over an acre of land—small brook runs through property—shade trees assure seclusion. . . . Near Scarsdale—adjoining Saxon Woods golf course—ideal location for country home within easy commuting distance of the city. For details write owner. Box DB, The New Yorker, 25 West 43rd Street, N. Y. City.

MARCH 6, 1943

What *Every Woman* wants to know about a Man...



that he realizes that wars are not won by money alone, but by *men*—and sends books and games for relaxation!... that he knows how important relaxation is on the home front—and makes the night thrilling by sending *her* flowers!



that he is just as thoughtful in his choice of a whiskey, preferring one so mild, so fine it adds pleasure to his leisure... that he compliments his taste for the "First In Quality" by always serving Old Schenley, *America's Mildest Bottled-In-Bond!*



Furs by Jaechel, New York.

Straight Bourbon Whiskey—100 Proof—This whiskey is 6 years old. Stagg-Finch Distillers Corporation, New York City

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